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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Bassano, Ltd.*

A pretty picture of Miss Agnes Fraser

Who is now playing a leading part in *The Dairy Maids* at the Apollo Theatre

No 127.—Vol. X.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, May 9, 1906

	PAGE
Frontispiece	257
Bystander Comments	259
The Topictator	261
Racing Notes. By "Carbine"	262
Round the Town	264
Bringing Home the Prince and Princess	267
The Olympic Games	269
Society and Some Charities	270
A Peer with Many Hobbies	271
Two Elderly Bridegrooms	272
Celebrities at the Sandown Park Meeting	273
"His House in Order" at the St. James's Theatre	274
The Playhouses...	276
The Academy Supplement (First List)...	279
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 22.—"The Fairy Poodle." By Leonard Merrick	285
Scenes from "The Beauty of Bath" at the Aldwych Theatre	287
Paris Week by Week	293
The Library	296
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	298
Games and Pastimes. Edited by H. S. Scrivener	301
A Woman's Note Book	303
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	304
Automobile Topics. Edited by Douglas Miller	308

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Devil on Two Sticks." By Alain Rene Le Sage. The Panel Books. (Sisleys, Ltd.: 2s. net, 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.)

"Memoirs of Count Grammont." By Anthony Hamilton. The Panel Books. (Sisleys, Ltd.: 2s. net, 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.)

"Life's Colours." By Hallie Killick. (Eustace Miles: 1s. 6d. net.)

"Life's Orchestra." By Hallie Killick. (Eustace Miles: 1s. net.)

"Pictorial Practical Carnation Growing." By Walter P. White. (Cassell: 1s. net.)

NEW FICTION

"Cherry Ripe." By Helen Mathers. (Jarrold and Sons: 6d.)

"Blazed Trail Stories" By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"The Newell Fortune." By Mansfield Brooks. (Lane: 6s.)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
May 9, 1906

The annual deadlock in Australian cricket government began last week.

* * *

THE WORST PUN.—The penny off the tea duty seems to have occasioned general irritation. Apparently, the public does not like being tea-eased.

* * *

Dinner in the West End is now taken, according to a daily paper, without meat. The same custom, however, has prevailed for most of the winter in the East End.

* * *

England, according to a trade paper, has lost control of the hide market. Her efforts to recover it will, therefore, we suppose, be a case of hide and seek.

* * *

Women are in no hurry to marry nowadays, the *Lady* tells us, and "unmarried girls have tacitly formed a union." We should have thought that that was exactly what they had *not* formed.

"Monstrously unjust, intolerant, and intolerable," is the Bishop of Barking's opinion of the Education Bill. If this is the Barking, Mr. Birrell asks, then what will the biting be like?

* * *

Apropos of the *Times'* latest scheme, it is rumoured that an address of congratulation is shortly to be presented to a well-known bookseller by his fellow-tradesmen, felicitating him upon the fact that on a recent week's business he was able to show a profit of one and fivepence.

* * *

By some extraordinary oversight of the War Office, a Crimean veteran who died the other day, did not do so in a workhouse.

* * *

A 'bus conductor, interviewed by a contemporary, said, that if women did not travel by 'bus, the traffic by that means of locomotion would be much more expeditious. The proposal to keep women out of omnibuses is not, however, likely to be popular with men. We may be economical, but we do not want a reduction of 'bus fairs.

Photo] **A Crack Shot: King Alfonso shooting at the Isle of Wight Gun Club** [*Hughes and Mullins*

His Majesty brought down eight clay pigeons out of ten in a strong wind, and easily won the competition which took place recently at Ashey, near Ryde

Across the Telephone

(The "Blasé Débutante" to the Hon. "Tim" Tunntown)

"Is that you, dear little 704? Wasn't it ripping-ful? I squeaked, simply squeaked, all the way home in the car. Mother didn't know it was I, and she looked very fidgety and anxious. What? Yes, dear, I suppose she does. You will when you are her age. No, I won't. Mother was *always* thin, and I'm fat. Oh, yes, I am. I take Pope's, one under outsize. Get away with you. Well, you don't look it. You don't mind my saying so, darling, do you? I thought you wouldn't, dearie. Your frock was quite top-hole. Whatever made you say you had nothing to wear? Oh, nothing to wear with it? I see, but nobody could possibly have seen the underskirt. I couldn't, and I tried. You ought to cross your legs sometimes. No, dearest. You looked so sweet that I wanted to find fault with you somehow. Eh? Yes, I could hear it — bad form with velvet, y'know. No wonder you've caught a cold. You're quite hoarse. Try one of those thingamy tablets. They're advertised on the back page of the smoke-room paper, but they're topping for throats. Oh, much better than a woollen stocking. I have no idea what the play was about, have you? I was drawing him out, you see, and he confessed all his past life. If he wasn't always so beautifully clean, I should hate him after what he said. You know the D'Arcy person, don't you? Oh, you must know the woman with the pipe-clay skin. Well, she was one of them. He says that she loved him, and he didn't love her. That was during the second act, and he went out between the first and second. Intervals generally make men implicit. Another one was an actress. He met her on a motor at Epsom. All meetings at Epsom are fortuitous assignations. I told him this, and he put his hand on mine, and said that I did not understand. Even Edmund Payne laughed. By the way, is Edmund Payne the long one with the isosceles shoulders? Mother said he was screaming. Somehow I wish I'd watched the play. I've got such a lot to think about now. I wanted to take the past for granted. You can't flirt with a man with a past. You must be serious or platonic, don't you think? And both are immoral, if he's hard up. This is according to Mamma's first Epistle to Enid, delivered—in an inappropriate dressing-gown—to the faithful—in a most appropriate black silk nightdress. I was the faithful. I've worried about it all night, and I simply flew to the telephone after breakfast. Do I love him, do you think? He makes me feel jerky. First I want to scream, then I want to kiss him, then I forget all about him, and then I feel as if I could never eat anything more in my life but pickles. Does Stanley make you feel like that? Oh, Timmy, I wish I was a single woman again. I'm plural now, everything except myself. I do so want to explain it all to you. When can I see you? What? On Saturday afternoon? And this is Tuesday. Can't you come over this afternoon? *What?* You—don't—leave—the—bank—till—seven! Whoever in the—*Eleven* 04! I wanted 704—Exchange!"

"Is there no other fact you can place before the jury?"

"Well—er—I might wear my new motor coat; it is very becoming"

* * *

The chances of Mr. Jay Gould for the Tennis Championship are much canvassed, but some of his likely opponents have little doubt of his defeat. As more than one of them has said, "I must always come before Jay."

* * *

Ballooning, we are informed, is the latest craze of Society in the country, and an invitation to spend a day or two in "doing a little flying" is stated to be getting quite common. To our mind, however, there is little novelty in the craze. The desire to rise above one's neighbours has surely always been inherent in human nature.

* * *

The Sultan of Turkey, whose collection of ultimata is, probably, the finest in the world, is adding to it one or two good specimens of the English ultimatum (Grey variety).

* * *

The occurrence of the French elections this month happily reminds us that, in some countries, at any rate, the May-poll is not defunct.

The Topictator

A New Profession

According to the police, quite a large number of people employ their time in promenading country roads warning motorists of police traps. Large hands are the great requisite

In the Merry Month of May

(We disclaim all responsibility for the obsolete views expressed by our contributor.—Ed.)

Salve Rex! A Week of Welcomes

The First of May in Paris

From the point of view of that fearful wildfowl, the British Tourist

The Budget Dish

Chamberlain *(ex-cook)*: "Doesn't seem to think much of your cooking, does he?"
Asquith *(cook)*: "*My* cooking? I like that!'

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Concerning the Derby

We are going to have an interesting Derby. All things point to it. Too often the world's greatest race is reduced in interest by the fact that one candidate stands out immeasurably above the rest. Within the past twenty years, no fewer than ten odds-on favourites have won the Derby, starting with the great Ormonde and ending with Cicero; but if Lally and Flair both compete this season, it will not be a case of laying odds. The field is likely to be large, and I can foresee that sweepstakes are going to be more than usually exciting, for the simple reason that more horses will have a chance of winning than in the ordinary way. Hundreds of people, who never make a bet on a racehorse all the year round, like to have some sort of interest in the Derby, and that is why "sweeps" are always popular—whether a big affair like that at the Carlton Club or merely confined to the members of one's own coaching party—where everyone, anti-gambler or not, takes a chance. The getting-up of the "sweep," and the drawing from the hat of the fateful pellets of paper, constitute one of the delights of the drive to Epsom.

Lally or Flair?

Will it be Lally or Flair this time, or some agonising outsider like Gorgos in the Two Thousand Guineas? Lally was quoted at two to one in the papers last week, and I for one should be sorry to take such a miserable price. He is a handsome colt, and won most of his races in workmanlike style last season, but there is nothing in his form to suggest that he is a better performer than Flair. The filly made no show in her first race last year, probably owing to inexperience—the same can be said of Lally—but she has never been beaten since, and nobody can deny that she gave an irreproachable display in the One Thousand Guineas on Friday. She simply outclassed the fillies opposing her, and though these may not have been exactly brilliant, still Sir Daniel Cooper's crack could not be expected to do more than score in a common canter. Sir Daniel is anxious to run his filly in the Derby. She will doubtless be galloped with Admirable Crichton, and, providing she answers that question satisfactorily, Flair will be among the starters on May 30. If the state of the ground permits, she will run for the Oaks as well. All things considered, I would rather take "fives" about Flair than "twos" about Lally.

Derby Speculations: Lally (with B. Dillon mounted), one of the favourites

Lally was quoted at two to one against in the papers last week. Within the past twenty years, no fewer than ten odds-on favourites have won the Derby, starting with Ormonde and ending with Cicero

Nulli Secundus

A large section of the racing public seems to have made up its mind to leave the Two Thousand practically out of the reckoning in weighing up the chances of the Derby. They give as their reason that last Wednesday's horses were a very bad lot. Perhaps they were. But both Gorgos and the Dame Agneta colt are of the improving sort, and ought without question to stay the Derby course, which, by the way, it is by no means certain that Lally will do. In any case, Richard Marsh, who is to be congratulated upon again getting a turn of fortune's wheel, has excellent means at his disposal to discover whether the King's colt, Nulli Secundus, is really a Derby horse or not. A week before Epsom Gorgos and Nulli Secundus are likely to be tried together again in the presence of His Majesty and Mr. Arthur James, and if the result of that trial should be favourable to the Royal colt, he must be expected to run prominently in the Derby. Lack of experience will tell against him, but Nulli Secundus would not be the first horse who began his career in the Derby and won the race.

Successful Jockeys

Herbert Jones has been much praised for his exquisite riding of Gorgos last week, and I know no jockey who does so well with such an entire absence of mannerisms and "side." Maher was in good form at Newmarket, but the most successful rider of all was Higgs, who has worked his way to the front very quickly, and means to stay there.

Chester Cup

One of our most historic races is the Chester Cup, to be run on Wednesday, but owing to the curious circular course, which keeps competitors virtually galloping on two legs throughout, many bad horses have won the race, and form has frequently been hopelessly upset. This year the general opinion is that the Manton stable will win, providing they can beat Feather Bed. Certainly, Taylor holds an exceedingly strong hand with good stayers like King Duncan, Harmony Hall, and Torpoint. I think **King Duncan** will prove successful, but if there is a surprise it may be brought about by Alderman.

The Jubilee

The week-end meeting at Kempton Park promises well, for there are many interesting races besides the Jubilee. On Friday, for example, the Stewards' Handicap will bring out some good sprinters, headed by St. Brendan, who will probably score in spite of his great weight. Last week I expressed my confidence in Donnetta and Ambition for the Jubilee, and nothing has happened since then to weaken my trust. There is a tendency, I observe, to take last year's winner in preference to Donnetta, the belief being held that Ambition is capable of more improvement upon his City and Suburban running than the mare. I fail, however, quite to follow that reasoning, and while knowing that there can be very little to choose between them, I am content still to rely upon the consistent **Donnetta**, and for places Ambition and Standen appear to me to be most likely.

The Race for the Thousand Guineas: Behind the tapes

Sir D. Cooper's Flair won in a canter. The filly was tipped by "Carbine"

English Bicycles at the Olympic Games

It was a disappointment that the Englishmen should have been beaten in the five kilomètre bicycle race at Athens, but it is some consolation to know that the Italian, Verri, who won, used an English bicycle—a Rudge-Whitworth. Verri's machine is a standard pattern No. 4 track racer, with wood rims and Rudge-Whitworth constrictor tyres, 6½ in. cranks, 26¾ in. wheels, low-built frame, and weighing 19¼ lbs. all on. A good score for "Britain's Best Bicycle."

ROUND THE TOWN

The Season

The season, as it grows, reminds one more and more of the seasons of the latter part of the Victorian era. Then, as now, London would sometimes present the appearance of a republican rather than a monarchical capital, and the most minor of Royalties were in overwhelming request. The return of the King and Queen to London signalises, certainly, the real beginning of the season, but the Queen has signified her intention of attending no social functions of a private nature as she is still in deep mourning for her father, and only those public ones, such as the Drawing Rooms at which her presence is absolutely necessary. We have grown so accustomed to the presence of Her Majesty at the Opera, the ducal balls, the big charity entertainments, and in the Park—and the fact of her presence invariably gives such a fillip to any gathering—that her absence this year will create an appreciable difference in many ways.

It is very generally hoped that the Princess of Wales will, in spite of her arduous winter, as far as possible take the Queen's place, and the rumour that the biggest ball of the season is to be given at Marlborough House, thickens, just as it did last year, daily. One of the most important social centres of the season will be Devonshire House, from which house the marriage of the Duchess's grand-daughter, Lady Mary Hamilton, to Lord Graham will take place, and where, provided she be well enough, the Duchess will give her usual Derby-Day ball.

* * *

Miss Hermione Drury and the Hon. Arthur Coke

To-morrow (Thursday) Miss Hermione Drury is to be married to the Hon. Arthur Coke, second son of Viscount and Viscountess Coke, who has, under the auspices of his future father-in-law, taken up the profession of stockbroking since he left the Navy (in which he served on board Prince Louis of Battenberg's flagship). Miss Drury will have six bridesmaids, in white chiffon frocks over palest pink silk, worn with white picture hats trimmed with pink ostrich plumes, and their pink sashes will be finished off with old paste buckles, the gift of the bridegroom. The Earl of Leicester, the bridegroom's grandfather, has sent the young couple some beautiful plate; Mr. Drury has given his daughter a magnificent pair of solitaire earrings; and Colonel Shuttleworth has given a diamond stomacher, set with pearls and diamonds, and a bracelet to match.

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Miss Hermione Drury

Photo *Lafayette*

The Hon. Arthur Coke

WHOSE WEDDING WILL BE CELEBRATED TO-MORROW (THURSDAY)

Opening of the Season

The First Night at Covent Garden

The youthful season, Newmarket, and the fact that the management had chosen a German representation for the opening night of the Covent Garden Opera Season, did not make for a particularly dazzling affair on Thursday, when Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* held the boards. However, all the stalls were filled, and most of those subscribers who were absent had relegated their boxes to someone else, so there were enough diamonds and jewels to make a very fairly brilliant scene. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by Princess Patricia, were in the Royal box in time to hear the beautiful overture, and, indeed, in this respect, the audience did its duty nobly, and the "Vorspiel" and first act of the opera was allowed to go through undisturbed by late-comers. Dr. Hans Richter conducted; in other words, the orchestration of Wagner's superb "monument to this loveliest of all dreams" was as near to perfection as it has ever yet been brought. As Isolde, Frau Wittich, if falling far short of her representation of Brünnhilde, nevertheless rose bravely to the enormous demand made on her powers. The same, however, cannot be said of the Tristan of Herr Anton Burger. Anything *less* like the knight, Sir Tristan, I have never seen—not even in Germany.

Viscountess de Vesci (Miss Wellesley)

Married lately to Viscount de Vesci, with whom she is proceeding soon to Madras

* * *

Some People Present

Socially, the evening signified the opening of the season. Lily, Duchess of Marlborough's box was tenanted by Madame von André, while in the omnibus box was Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr. Frank Murietta, and Mr. Arnold Morley. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild was, as usual, an earnest listener, and was in his pit tier box; the Countess of Derby, with Lady Beatrix Stanley, was in her box on the pit tier; and near her was Mrs. Adair with Miss Post. Almost directly above them, in the centre of the grand tier, Lady Wernher's emerald-green gown and huge paradise plume made a noticeable spot of colour, and amongst the prettiest women present were Lady Cynthia Graham and the Countess of Lytton, who was in Lady de Grey's box with Mrs. George West. Lady Lytton's diamond tiara of Greek design showed up most beautifully against her black dress and soft dark hair. Amongst others in the stalls could be seen the Duke of Manchester, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Earl of Portsmouth, the Countess of Derby, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hill, Lady Mountstephen, Viscount Portman, Viscount Iveagh, and Lady Maud Warrender, who has just returned from the Riviera.

Photos *Beresford*

Viscount de Vesci

Who came up from his honeymoon, with Lady de Vesci, to attend the Opera first night

* * *

Lord de Vesci

Lord de Vesci, of the Irish Guards, was lately married to Miss Wellesley, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley. The bride and bridegroom are shortly going to Madras, where Lord de Vesci will take up his appointment as A.D.C. to Sir Arthur Lawley, his uncle. By the way, no one has recorded the fact that Lord and Lady de Vesci came up from their honeymoon to attend the first night of the opera season. Lady de Vesci was wearing a crown of diamonds and ropes of pearls.

* * *

A Full Thursday

Thursday of last week was indeed quite the fullest day of the season so far. The unexpected happened, in that young Mr. William Waldorf Astor was married very quietly to Mrs. Shaw at All Souls, Langham Place. The respective fathers of both the bride and bridegroom were absent owing to illness, and the bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, of black and white fame. The early days of the honeymoon are being spent at the house of the bridegroom's sister, Mrs. Spender Clay, Ford Manor, Lingfield.

On the same day, in the afternoon, Lady Naylor-Leyland lent her beautiful house at Albert Gate for the exhibition and sale of Welsh Industries, at which Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, Lady Newborough, Lady Alexander Paget, and Lady Llangattock were amongst the busiest workers.

* * *

The Private View

The private view at the Royal Academy was a much more brilliant function than the first night of the Opera the day before. As usual, the crowd in the afternoon between four and five o'clock was very thick, and, with luck, one sometimes got a very good kind of bird's-eye view of some conveniently "skied" picture over the tops of the waving plumes of the delicious public view hats. I know it is

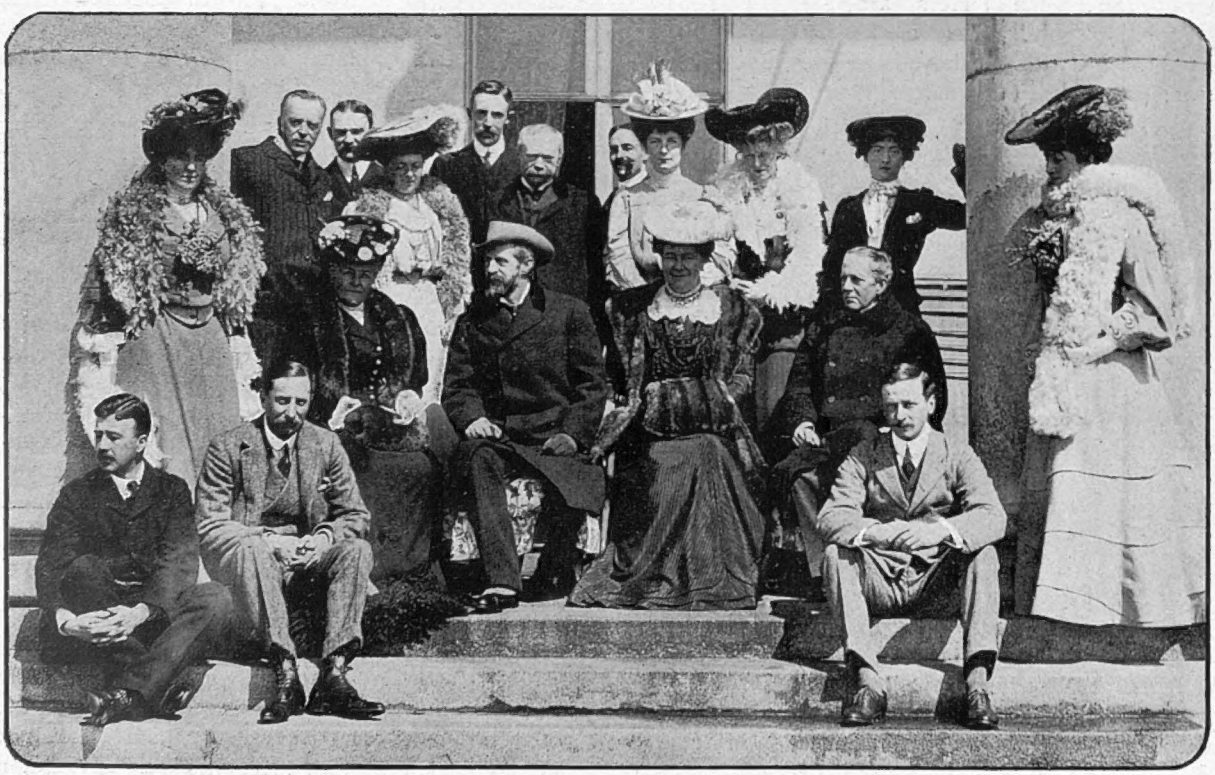
At the Private View

not *de rigueur*, as the lady journalist says, to talk about the pictures at the private view, but I feel no apology is due for talking about the hats. I don't know much about any sort of millinery, except the bills, but I really was struck all of a heap, so to speak, by a new departure in apple orchards, worn at an angle of sixty-five degrees, by a well-known and charming lady, which created great interest. The front part represented a grassy and sweeping orchard, at one side apple blossoms grew in luxuriant profusion, and on the other were, regardless of the seasons, some perfectly deevie little apples, blushing furiously, while three large white feathers stuck out behind.

Photo] **Princess Alexander of Teck** *[Thomson*

Who has taken a house in Grosvenor Square, in which she will reside most of the season

All sorts and conditions of men and women were in the rooms at one time and another, the more seriously inclined, perhaps, in the morning, when the crush was not so great. At one time, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, and Lady Maud Warrender were all having a good look at Mr. Dicksee's portrait of the Duchess of Westminster. The Marquis and Marchioness of Granby were among those who chose the morning for their visit, the latter only just back from her trip to Madrid and Paris. She had one of her daughters with her, but Lady Marjorie Manners came in the afternoon, looking, as usual, very piquante and distinctly bored. In the crowded rooms in the afternoon, I saw the Marchioness of Tweeddale with her son, Lady Denman, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Vincent, Lord and Lady Arthur Butler, Mr. Alfred Sutro, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Pinero, Mr. George Alexander and his wife, Mr. Zangwill, and hundreds of others too numerous to mention.



House Party at Viceregal Lodge: Viceroys and Vicereines present and past

BACK ROW *(standing up)*: Countess of Limerick, Capt. Brooke, Lord Herschell, Viscountess Hawkesbury, Mr. Smith, Sir A. MacDonnel, Mr. Callan, Hon. M. Herschell, Miss Brooke, Miss Firman, Countess of Annesley

FRONT ROW *(sitting down)*: Viscount Hawkesbury, Hon. A. Gore Ruthven, V.C., Countess Cadogan, His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, Countess of Aberdeen, Earl Cadogan, Viscount Anson

Bringing Home the Prince and Princess

The Heir-Apparent and the Games

I hear the Prince and Princess of Wales were not quite so interested in the Games as the King and Queen; but, then, this is their first visit to Greece, and so no doubt the wonders of the Acropolis, and other Athenian treasures, interested them to the exclusion of more mundane matters. The Prince is bringing back with him, as a souvenir of this part of their tour, a facsimile of the golden cup of Nestor, referred to by Homer, the original of which is in the National Museum. H.M.S. *Renown*, by the way, with their Royal Highnesses on board, was due home yesterday, and THE BYSTANDER tenders its heartiest welcome to the doubtless exhausted tourists.

Officers of H.M.S. "Renown," which is bringing back the Prince and Princess of Wales to England

(Centre): Commodore the Hon. Hugh Tyrwhitt, C.V.O.
(On his right): Capt. Thomas D. L. Sheppard, M.V.O.
(On his left): Commander Godfrey M. Paine, M.V.O.

Our illustration shows the *Renown* Commodore, the Hon. Hugh Tyrwhitt, C.V.O., with his two chief officers, Captain Thomas D. L. Sheppard, M.V.O., and Commander Godfrey M. Paine, M.V.O., on either side of him. The Commodore is the son of Baroness Berners, and before taking command of the *Renown* was private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. He served through the Nile Expedition, and wears the Egyptian medal as well as the Nile clasp and the Khedive's bronze star, but I doubt whether he has ever had a more anxious task than the piloting of the Heir-Apparent and his Consort to the East and back, with the peculiarly personal responsibility involved therewith.

The New National Nautical School at Portishead

Princess Christian, always to the fore in good works, travelled down to Portishead last Saturday to open the new buildings of the National Nautical School, and to receive purses from various children in aid of the fund for the improvement, which, I see, is still something like £4,000 short. It is hoped this opening ceremony will awaken fresh interest in the institution, which is a national and deserving one. The schools are very well arranged, and their position, overlooking the Bristol Channel and the distant Welsh hills, could not be improved upon.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Price, the energetic organiser of the living pictures at Queen's Hall last week, in aid of the Soho Hospital for Women, is the wife of the Liberal Member for East Norfolk, who is himself an amateur dramatist. Her daughter, Miss Price, also took an active part in both the organisation and the performance of the entertainment.

* * *

I am asked by Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler to say that the statement in a recent number of THE BYSTANDER, to the effect that three of his portraits, viz., that of Lady Aline Beaumont, of Mr. E. W. Hornung, and of Mr. Lacey, were to be sent in to the Academy, is incorrect, as, although the pictures were on view on Show Sunday, they were not intended for the Academy.

(Continued on page 270)

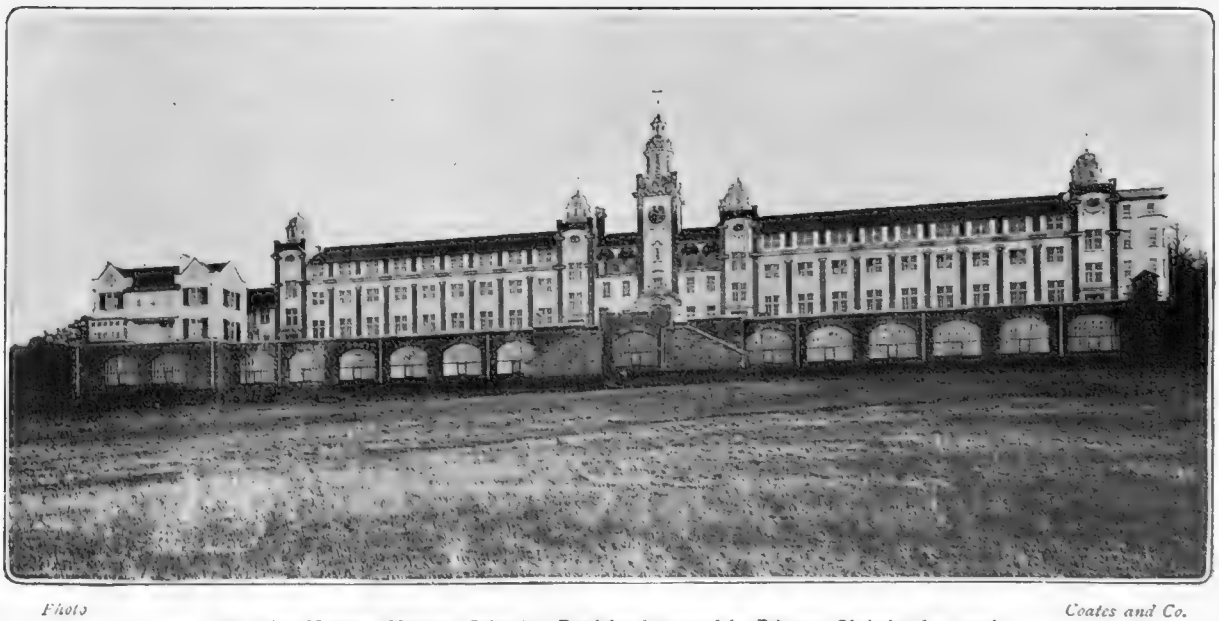


Photo *Coates and Co.*

The New National Nautical School at Portishead, opened by Princess Christian last week

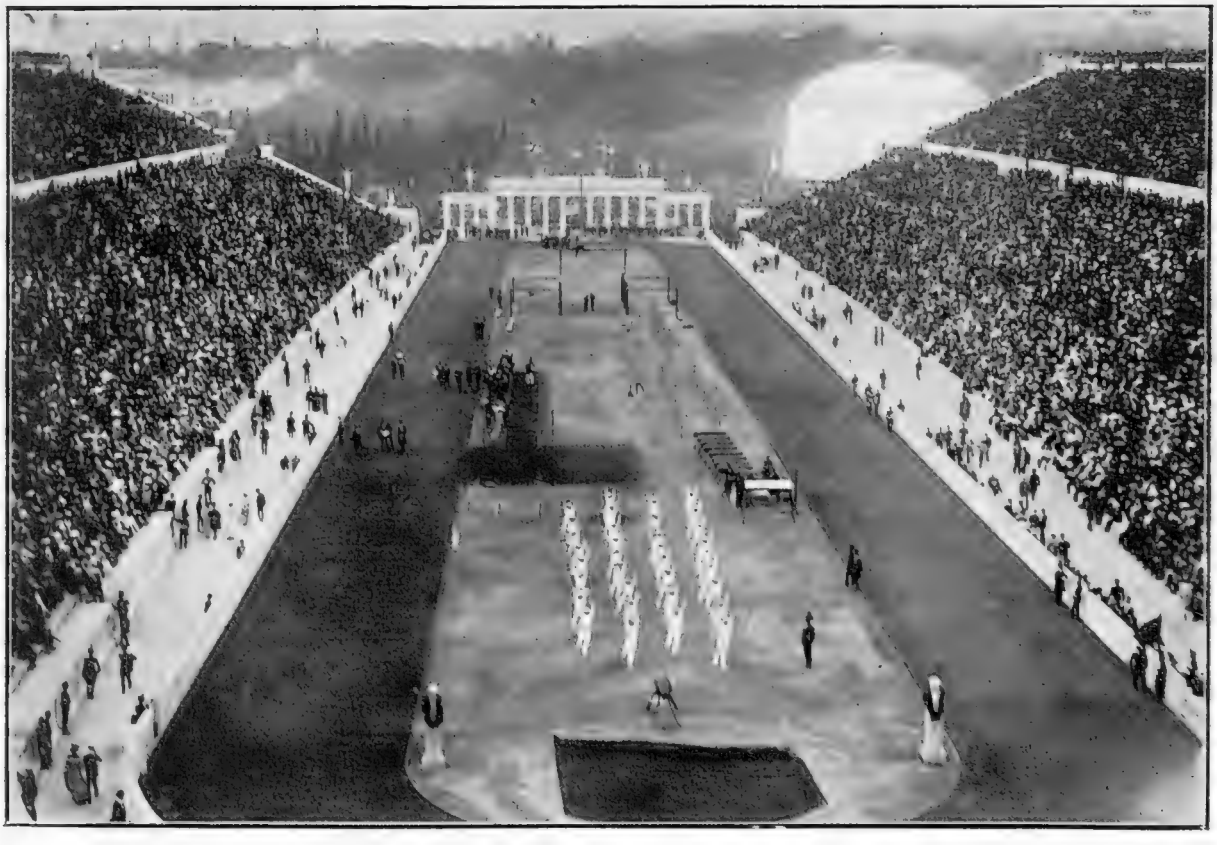
The Prince of Wales | The Princess of Wales | The Queen of Greece | King Edward | Queen Alexandra | The King of Greece

STATE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS: ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY

The Olympic Games

England v. Germany in the fencing contest

The representatives of the two countries are Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon and Herr G. Casimir



The Swedish gymnastic team in the arena

Society and Some Charities

For Sale: A Yacht and a Villa

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, premier Earl of Scotland, I hear, intends to put his yacht *Valhalla* up for sale when he returns home from his trip to Tristan da Cunha, Natal, Cape Colony, and the East Coast of Africa. Although the *Valhalla* is, I believe, one of the finest yachts afloat, I predict there will be a bit of a slump in yachts at the end of the season. Everyone has been yachting so vigorously, that I dare swear they've overdone it, and will all want to get rid of their yachts, by fair means or foul, very shortly. However, this is neither here nor there, and far be it from me to prejudice anyone's sale. Lord Crawford's yacht is not the only thing he wants to sell. His beautiful residence close to Florence, the Villa Palmieri, is to be disposed of. People who have never set foot in Italy all seem to be well acquainted with this beautiful villa, owing, I suppose, to the fact that it was twice lent to Queen Victoria by the Dowager-Countess, once in 1888, and again a few years afterwards. The villa, which for four hundred years was the property of the Palmieri family, was bought by the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, who, in turn, sold it to Lord Crawford.

Lord Crawford has six sons, and is great on hobbies. I don't think he has been without a craze of some kind or another within the memory of man. For years he was a keen amateur astronomer, and it remains to be seen, *Valhalla* sold, what new form of amusement his energetic lordship intends to indulge in. His eldest son, Lord Balcarres, is the Conservative Member for the Chorley Division of Lancashire, and was Junior Lord of the Treasury to the late Government.

Photo *Thomson*

Mrs. Robert Price

Wife of the Member for Norfolk (East Division), who produced a performance of living pictures, at Queen's Hall last week, in aid of the Hospital for Women, Soho Square

* * *

The Young Idea

I am told it is not all joy to be the offspring of an enthusiastic golfer, but, then, neither is it all joy to be the offspring of an enthusiastic non golfer, whose hatred and contempt for the game inevitably clashes with one's sneaking admiration therefor. The latest thing in modern education is the engagement by Sir Richard Musgrave, who has just won the Open Stroke Competition over in Ireland, of the golf professional at Lahinch to spend a fortnight at Tourin, the family seat on the Blackwater, and teach the young idea, in the shape of his little daughters, how to play golf; and what is more, the poor little daughters have got to learn, whether they like it or not. I believe, however, they do like it, and find a golf professional infinitely preferable to a governess. They happen to be lucky in their father's choice of a teacher. The professional at Lahinch is a particularly nice man, and manages to teach one more in an hour than others do in a week.

The Duchess of Roxburghe is, by the way, the latest golf recruit. She is staying, with her husband, with the Dowager-Duchess at Broxmouth, and is there being coached by Bernard Sayers. The Duke has long been quite a good player.

* * *

Le Voix d'Or

If Lady Henry Somerset, who, with the Duke of Fife, spoke so movingly at the annual meeting of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society presided over by the Bishop of London last week, had not elected to give up practically the whole of her life to good works, she ought certainly to have gone on the stage, for she possesses that priceless adjunct to histrionic success—a voice of gold, and silver, and running water! A voice in which the tears always seem to lie beneath the surface. Of course, as everyone knows, Lady Henry's pet philanthropy is her temperance crusade, though she also finds time to go in for other and more pleasing charities, as witness her gracious championing of the cause of the poor little waifs and strays whose mothers she has, times without number, rescued from the very depths and made of them decent members of society. No case is too hard, no life too degraded, for Lady Henry, and she is an adept at finding out good points which have escaped less sympathetic students of human nature I remember she was very proud, some time ago, of having discovered, after hours of patient trouble, all by herself, some quite nice and innocent trait in that poor old lady of bibulous fame, Jane Cakebread! The waifs and strays were lucky in getting Lady Henry to plead their cause, for her celebrated voice invariably has results more tangible than just the pleasure of hearing it; its listeners, to hide their shameful, anti-British emotion, unloose their purse-strings!

* * *

Fashionable Charity

Talking of Lady Henry reminds me of the many other well-known women in Society whose active

A Peer With Many Hobbies

charity is a prominent feature of London life. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, Lady Henry Somerset's sister, has done much for factory girls in the East End of London, as has also Lady Bective; and amongst the many whose chief charities are directed to the cause of the children are Lady St. Helier, Lady Jersey, Lady Ludlow (the mother of Lord Howard de Walden, and the possessor, by the way, of the finest emeralds in London town), and last, though not by any means least, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose ninety-second birthday has just been celebrated. Lady St. Helier, better known, perhaps, as Lady Jeune, inaugurated that splendid charity, "The Children's Country Holiday Fund," and the Duchess of Albany's pet charity, the Deptford Fund, has one of its most strenuous workers in Lady Florence Pelham-Clinton, the sister of the Duke of Newcastle.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Earl of Crawford

Who returns shortly from a yachting cruise in the Indian Ocean, after which he will sell his yacht *Valhalla*. The Earl is also keenly interested in astronomy, and has many other hobbies

The Duchess of Albany

The Duchess of Albany, by the way, intends spending a good part of the summer in Thuringia, with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and her daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck, has taken a house in Grosvenor Square, and intends to spend most of the season there. Princess Alexander is also very much given to good works. Last week, she took a prominent part in no less than three functions of this nature: while staying with the Duchess of Sutherland at Lilleshall, she performed the opening ceremony at a bazaar in Stoke-on-Trent for the benefit of local charities; and in London she presented the challenge shields and medals to that splendid institution, the Church Lads' Brigade, at the Guildhall; while on Saturday she closed a strenuous week by opening, at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, an

The Earl of Crawford's beautiful and historical "Villa Palmieri," Florence, which is up for sale

The "Villa Palmieri," situated among the hills between Florence and Fiesoli, takes easily pride of place among the Villas of the surrounding country. It contains beautifully laid-out gardens, seventy-six acres in extent. It was purchased by the late Earl of Crawford from H.I.H. the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Its owners for 400 years were the Palmieri Family, and before that its historical interest dates back to Boccaccio (1350). Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria resided in the Villa for some weeks during the year 1888, and again in the year 1893. The estate agents for the property are Messrs. Trollope, of 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square

Two Elderly Bridegrooms

industrial exhibition in connection with the Westminster Ruridecanal Union.

* * *

Dukes and Vaccination

The exciting night in the House the other day, when the debate on the enfranchisement of women followed the speeches by Mr. Pickersgill and Mr. Burns on vaccination, both of them being anti-vaccinationists, reminds me that almost the only anti-vaccinationist in Society is the Duke of Hamilton, who, on conscientious grounds, has just been granted a certificate of exemption from vaccination of his youngest child, Nigel. The Duke, who is, of course, the Premier Peer of Scotland, and the Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace—where a suite of never-used apartments are kept sacred for his use—married, five years ago, the daughter of Major Poore, of Salisbury, and was formerly a lieutenant in the Navy. While in the Service, he had a very severe accident, from the effects of which he has never wholly recovered, and all the vast Hamilton estates are in trust, according to the will of the late Duke. It was the "Hamilton influence" in Suffolk which nearly won the Eye Division lately for the fiancé of Lady Mary of that ilk.

Lady Henry Somerset

The philanthropist and irresistible orator, who has been speaking on behalf of the waifs and strays of London

More Racing

Lingfield, Newmarket, and Windsor constituted the sum of the chief race meetings of last week, and all three, in spite of the wintry weather, were well attended. We hear much of the fickleness of the age and the seeming inability to remain constant to any one pursuit, but there is, at any rate, one sport of which we in England never tire, and which grows day by day more popular, and that is racing. Whenever I attend a race meeting I give myself a penny every time I meet or see anyone who appears bored. I generally make a little at the bigger race meetings—Ascot and the Derby, for instance—but at Goodwood and Sandown and Lingfield, never a penny do I find an opportunity of presenting myself with! I suppose it is the open air and the green lawns and the beautiful gees; whatever it is, the Englishman and the Englishwoman both look and, apparently, feel their very best on a racecourse. To the women, the excitement of having a little on is distinctly becoming, and to the men—well, show me the man (with the exception, of course, of Mr. Herbert Gladstone and one or two others) who loves not a little gamble, and I will present him with a copy of The Bystander, free, gratis, and for nothing!

Bystander.

Photo *Maull and Fox*

The Earl of Mexborough

The Earl of Mexborough, who is a Buddhist, and sixty-two years old, has just married an Italian lady at Florence. The new Countess was Donna Sylvia Cecilia Maria, the daughter of the Noble Carlo di Ser-Antoni, and widow of Captain Claude Clerk

Photo *Russell and Sons*

The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe

The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, who is seventy-four years old, and has been a widower for thirty-two years, was married on Saturday, April 21, to his cousin, the widow of the third Earl of Ravensworth

Sandown Park Meeting

CELEBRITIES IN THE POPULAR ESHER ENCLOSURE LAST WEEK

Mr. Lionel Monckton

The well-known composer of ear-haunting melodies

Mrs. Langtry

Who has been devoted to racing all her life

Sir Edgar Vincent

The famous financier and ex-M.P. for Exeter, who lives at Esher Place, Esher

Photos

Mr. G. P. Huntley

Who is reported to have come up from Ippleton (and rabbits) specially to attend this Meeting

DESPITE dull grey skies and biting winds, the enclosure at Sandown Park during the two or three days of the Spring Meeting was well filled with fashionable and other celebrities. Our photographs give an idea of the variety of people who are attracted at this season to the beautiful racecourse at Esher.

Illustrations Bureau

Lord Cholmondeley

Who seeks upon the racecourse relaxation from his office as Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England

"His House in Order"

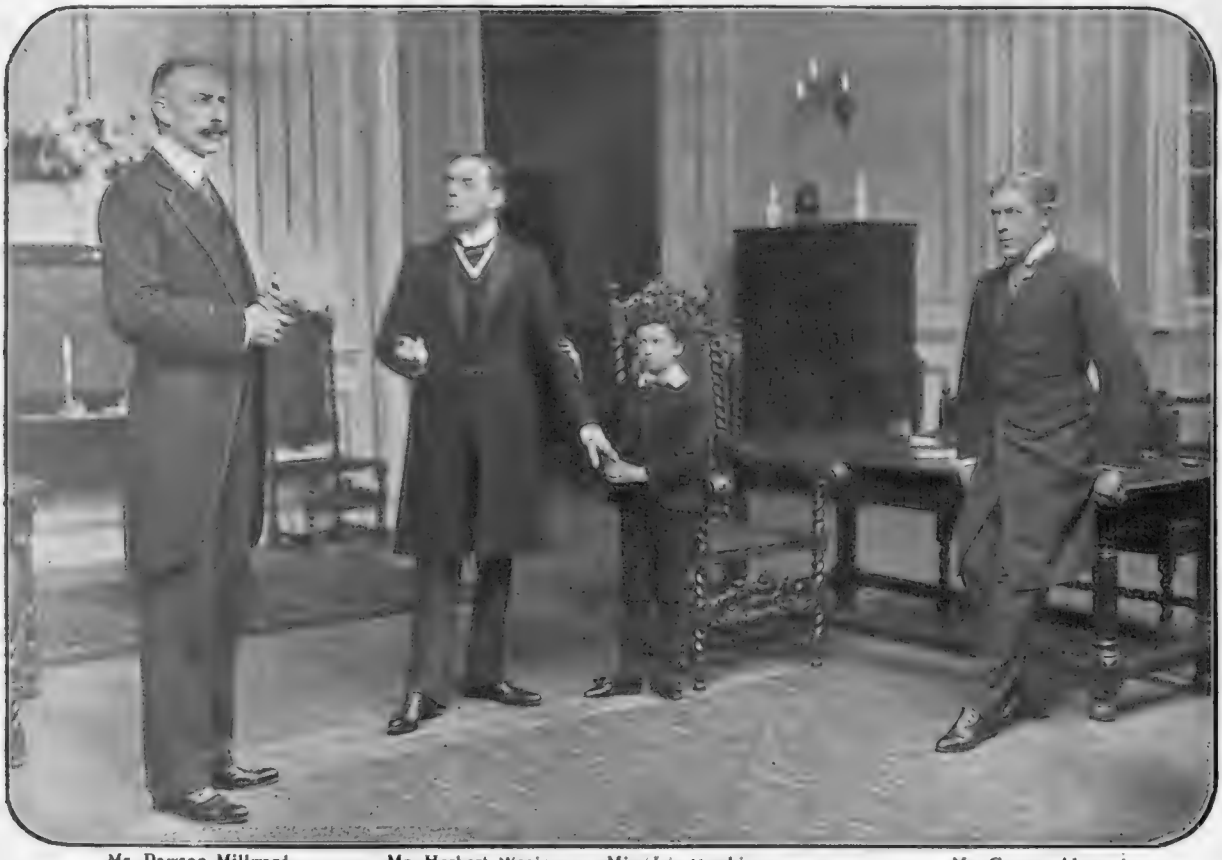
WHICH REACHED THE 100TH PERFORMANCE AT THE ST. JAMES'S LAST WEEK

Mr. C. M. Lowne *(Pryce Ridgeley)* **Mr. E Lvall Swete** *(Sir Daniel Ridgeley)* **Miss Beryl Faber** *(Geraldine Ridgeley)*

Mr. Herbert Waring *(Filmer Jesson)* **Mr. George Alexander** *(Hilary Jesson)* **Miss Bella Pateman** *(Lady Ridgeley)* **Miss Irene Vanbrugh** *(Nina)*

LADY RIDGELEY to NINA: "Don't sit out there. *(Nina comes forward.)* I was saying that we can forget Miss Thorne's (the governess) behaviour in the intense gratification you have just given me and Geraldine, a gratification which will be shared by the rest of my family. Filmer, after you left the luncheon table, your wife took the opportunity of expressing her deep regret for her recent behaviour. I won't ask her to repeat her assurance."

FILMER: "No, no; quite unnecessary"



Mr. Dawson Millward *(Major Maurewarde)* **Mr. Herbert Waring** *(Filmer Jesson)* **Miss Iris Hawkins** *(Derek Jesson)* **Mr. George Alexander** *(Hilary Jesson)*

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

DEREK: "Father, persuade Maury to stay"
FILMER: "To stay?"
MAUREWARDE: "That telegram they gave me at lunch——"
FILMER: "No bad news?"
MAUREWARDE: "No, no, no; but I must be in town this evening if I can catch the——"
HILARY: "The two-forty"

(Hilary has just discovered from an old letter the intrigue which had existed between Maurewarde and Filmer's former wife)

"His House in Order" at the St. James's Theatre

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

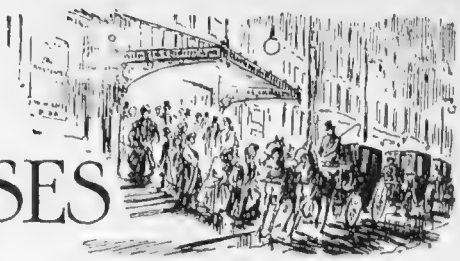
Mr. George Alexander *(Hilary Jesson)*

Miss Irene Vanbrugh *(Nina)*

HILARY (*reading the letter*): "In God's name, what gives you the notion that I could bear any more than you could to leave our boy . . . . to leave our boy . . . . in Filmer's keeping?"

Nina's life is embittered by her husband and his former wife's family, who are constantly flinging in her face the virtues of the deceased. In the scene above, Hilary and Nina learn that the woman, who has for so long been held up as a pattern of the virtues, had carried on an intrigue with Major Maurewarde, and that the Major is the father of her boy

The PLAYHOUSES



Garrick Theatre

"THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT"

Mr. Sutro has a pretty talent He has expanded one idea into four acts, and has played around it so gracefully that at no period can we confess to more than a mild feeling of irritation. This idea is that Lady Clarice Howland, a fascinating widow, shall marry again. From the rising of the curtain on the first act to the fall upon the fourth there is no character nor situation—I was about to say, there was no line of dialogue—which does not bear directly upon the idea of Lady Clarice Howland's re-marriage. We get it first hand from her mother, the Marchioness of Hendingby, who gives her daughter the choice between two fossils, Sir Bartholomew Cardick and Mr. Goddlestone, of whom it may be said that if one succeeds for a brief period in being more boring than his fellow, he is quickly eclipsed by his rival. These two have no *métier* in the play but that of suitor to the hand of Lady Clarice. They get from the Marchioness as much encouragement as Mr. Vanderveldt, from the same source, receives discouragement. Mr. Vanderveldt is fascinating, and a man of the world, but we are shown but one side of his nature—that side which inclines him to look with affection upon the Lady Clarice. The fourth suitor is one Colonel Rayner, whose brusqueness towards Lady Clarice is but a poor mask for his affection. The Colonel has but one interest in life. It is to prevent Lady Clarice from marrying either Mr. Vanderveldt, or the baronet, or Mr. Goddlestone. There are other characters in the play—to name a few: Lady Clarice's sister, Lady Clementina; Lady Clarice's friend, Miss Aggie Coles; and a young peer, Lord Woolham, whom Miss Coles regards with a favouring eye. But one feels that all these characters exist merely for the purpose of adding to the chorus of insistence upon the advisability of Lady Clarice marrying again.

* * *

The Suitor Ladder

By the time two acts have run their course, one begins to wish for the re-marriage of Lady Clarice more fervently than any of her relations or friends. The characters appeal to us according to their position on the marriage ladder, to borrow an illustration happily conceived in days of yore by the *Daily Graphic* to register the results of the elections. Thus we begin to hate Sir Bartholomew and Mr. Goddlestone because they have no chance with Lady Clarice. Contrariwise, Mr. Vanderveldt, being of the sort who might well abduct the Lady Clarice, earns our deepest respect. And abduct her he does, in the manner of a proper modern villain, in his motor-car. The third act, devoted to this exciting situation, is far the best in the play. It is a Sutroesque rendering of a well-known Jonesian situation.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Mary Barton

A pupil of the Academy of Dramatic Art (62, Gower Street, W.C.), whose Pierrot in *L'Enfant Prodigue*, at the recent matinée at His Majesty's Theatre, was such a clever bit of acting. For this performance the judges awarded to Miss Barton the Bancroft Gold Medal for 1906

* * *

The Village Inn, by H. A. Jones

To the lonely inn we know so well, Mr. Vanderveldt brings the Lady Clarice Howland. The scene is written in a delightful vein of comedy. Both the villain and the heroine have the keenest sense of humour. They laugh when they get the better of each other, but they roar when the other gets the better of them. Mr. Vanderveldt produces the sparking plug which he has extracted from his car, in order to disable it and prevent a return, with the air of a polished demon. But when Lady Clarice, impounding the clergyman of the village into her service, gives him the slip, one feels that, much as Mr. Vanderveldt may have relished his plot, it is not so much to his fine taste as the frustration of it. Truly, this act of pure comedy, with the necessary undercurrent of seriousness, makes up for two previous acts of interminable discussion upon one topic. In the last act, Mr. Vanderveldt being obviously out of the running, we have to rely upon the Colonel to marry Lady Clarice, and so end the play. Being, like all men of decent instincts upon the stage, a fearful bungler, he is within an ace of retiring with his great secret locked in his breast. I tell you, until he is helped out by the lady, the Colonel gives us some anxious moments.

The Fascinating Mr Vanderveldt.

Mr Charles V France
as
The Rev Hubert Langston

Miss Violet Vanburgh
as
Lady Clarice

Mr Bourchier
as Mr Vanderveldt

at the Garrick Theatre

Miss Muriel Beaumont
as Aggie Coles.

Mr Aubrey Smith
as Colonel Rayner

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

Plums à la Sutro

The play is pleasantly interspersed with Sutronisms, the sort of remark which tickles you immensely at the time, which you forget immediately afterwards, until revived in a very slipshod and inaccurate form by persons who make a practice of treasuring up these witticisms. It is the more sad, therefore, that some are lost to us, owing to Miss Vanbrugh's habit of suddenly dropping her voice to pianissimo. This is a difficult fault to forgive, in the ordinary actress, but Miss Vanbrugh more than atones for it by her vivacity, grace, and humour as Lady Clarice. Mr. Bourchier, giving the impression of an amiable satyr, extracts every ounce of humour from the rôle of the fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt. He has gone to the extreme in avoiding the conventionality of a "pretty" make-up, and appears in the least dandified of garments. If he had relied for his effects upon his clothes, he would have taken a back seat in company with Sir Bartholomew and Mr. Goddlestone. So far from almost bringing off his *coup*, he would never have got Lady Clarice into the car.

* * *

Goody-goody Men

Mr. Aubrey Smith supplied the requisite bluffness for the rôle of the supremely uninteresting Colonel Rayner. Really, the lines upon which playwrights draw good men and true savour of immorality. If this is goodness, Heaven preserve us from it. The small parts of Lord Woolham and Aggie Coles were well and naturally played by Mr. Walter Pearce and Miss Muriel Beaumont. They might have supplied a pleasant comedy relief to the play had they not been struck dumb by the playwright upon all topics save that of Lady Clarice Howland's re-marriage.

AN EXPLANATION

Recently I alluded in the "Round the Town" columns to the rumour that Lady Angela Forbes was about to go on the professional stage, and was very keen on playing Lady Algy in *Lord and Lady Algy*. The paragraph went on to say that there was a probability of Mr. R. C. Carton's play being revived at the Haymarket this season. The issue in which this rumour was published went to press early owing to the Easter holiday arrangements, and was in print before an official statement was published from the Haymarket to the effect that whenever *Lord and Lady Algy* is revived the part of Lady Algy will be played again by Miss Compton, and that, moreover, mention of this revival is premature, as *The Man from Blankley's* will, in all probability, run through the entire season. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in drawing my attention to the paragraph which appeared in THE BYSTANDER, says it conveys the impression that his present programme is not strong enough to run the season. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to convey such an impression. The good business being done by *The Man from Blankley's* is common talk "round the town," and the reference to the revival of *Lord and Lady Algy* was expressed, as future arrangements at a theatre are expressed, without the faintest *arrière pensée*. When I state that "in all probability *Lord and Lady Algy* will be revived this season," I am casting no more reflection upon the prospects of the present piece than Mr. Frederic Harrison himself, when he states that "in all probability *The Man from Blankley's* will run through the entire season." Both Mr. Harrison and myself are on the knees of the gods.

E. C. S.

Photo] **The Gymnasium Scene in the "Dairy Maids" at the Apollo Theatre** [*Dover Street Studios*

Miss Carrie Moore and other girl students in the dumb-bell exercise

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES

1906

"BELINDA." BY SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

The President is represented this year by three water-colour paintings, of which the above is the most striking. There is a charm and atmosphere in these drawings that does not always show in his more important works

THE BYSTANDER SUPPLEMENT

(FIRST LIST)

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT

(FIRST LIST)

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITORS

The Hon. John Collier has a way of choosing subjects which provoke a deal of public comment. Last year, "The Cheat" was the most-talked-of picture in the Academy. His new picture, "Indeed! Indeed! Repentance oft I swore," has the attraction of mystery, and people are bound to discuss the life-story of the woman by the fire, with her tragic air. The Slade, Paris, and Munich, have helped him to form his style, but, as we have said, he still looks for fresh modes of expression. He writes very well, and his finely illustrated volume on portrait painting has been a great success.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, of the heroic "Samson" and "Niobe" of the 'eighties, is here represented by his excellent portrait of "The Chief Rabbi"; it is as good, in a different way, as the "I. Zangwill," or the dramatic and decorative "Mrs. Patrick Campbell," of a good many years ago. Mr. Solomon's education was largely foreign.

Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., was a force in the charmed circle of Burlington House before most young men have finished with Paris. His striking pictures of mediævalism, chivalry, or the happenings in Elizabethan manor-houses, long since won the heart of the people who buy pictures. He is an authority on armour, costume, and furniture of the best periods.

The example we give of Sir Edward Poynter's work does not, perhaps, show him in his most ambitious mood, but it will be liked. Born in Paris in 1836, he first exhibited at the Academy, in 1867, the remembered "Israel in Egypt." He was an Associate in 1869—pretty sharp work; after that his public history appears to be the record of victories. His taste is Hellenic, and yet he manages to typify modern ideas. He has been director of the National Gallery, and climbed to the zenith of honour in English art.

Mr. H. Draper is making a solid reputation. He has caught the spirit of the place, where the British public take their art seriously, and is destined to conquer in Academic circles. Very early in his career his work was bought by the Chantrey Trustees, and although he has seldom done anything better than the syren taken in the fishing nets, his vintage picture was a fine, if rather hot, piece of work, and his "Star" of this year is full of beauty. He is young and industrious, gifted and popular—can the Fates go further or the Arts ask more?

The Chantrey Trustees also had something to do with the rise of Mr. Henry Scott Tuke, R.A., when in 1889 they purchased the rigorous "All Hands to the Pump." Five years later, his "Sailors Playing Cards" received some honours at Munich, where they know a good picture; and many are the beautiful shades of outdoor nude which he has given us.

Mr. Walter William Ouless, R.A., has been a constant exhibitor of portraits upon the walls of Burlington House since 1869. He has painted everybody of importance since that date, and painted them excellently well.

"The Duchess of Westminster" is an excellent portrait. Long, long ago Mr. Frank Dicksee saw into the heart of the sentimental picture-lover. "Too Late," "Memories," "A Reverie," were full of appeal. His "Romeo and Juliet," his "Passing of Arthur," his "Tannhäuser," delighted the people he liked to like him.

"THE PEARL," BY HENRY SCOTT TUKE, R.A.

One of the few examples in this year's Academy of the nude, the fashion for which is on the decline. Mr. Tuke, who is noted chiefly for his pictures of nautical life and outdoor nude, is considered one of the strongest of modern painters

"DAY AND THE DAWN STAR," BY HERBERT DRAPER

A fine example of a young artist's work. Mr. Draper's picture of the syren taken in the fishing nets is, perhaps, the best remembered of his works, but the present excellent composition, ideal in sentiment and beautiful in colour, will help forward his fame

"INDEED! INDEED! REPENTANCE OFT I SWORE," BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER

Another striking human picture by the painter of last year's sensation, "The Cheat." This picture, with the obvious problem contained in its title, will probably be widely discussed

"DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER," BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

The Academy this year is fortunate in excellent portraits of interesting people, but this example, combining correct likeness with the air of romance so dear to Mr. Dicksee, will be one of the most admired

"REV. E. ATKINSON" (MASTER OF CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE). BY W. W. OULESS, R.A.

Mr. Ouless has been a constant exhibitor at the Academy since 1869, and has painted many people of importance in a sound, straightforward, and very British style

"THE LORD CHANCELLOR," BY SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., R.I.

A portrait which well displays the painter's skill and broad romantic style

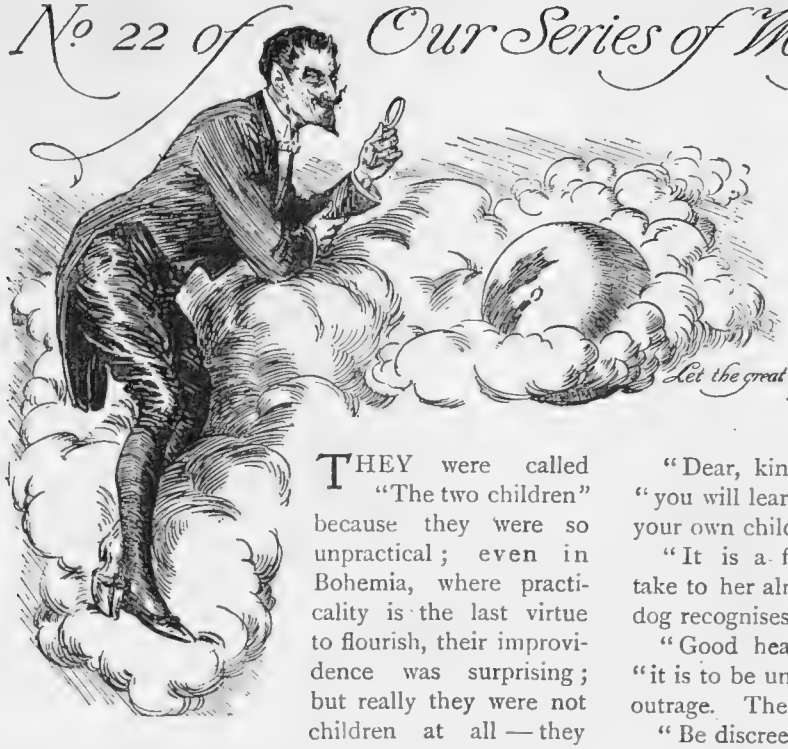
"BISHOP OF SALISBURY," BY SIR G. REID, R.S.A.

A striking portrait by the Past President of the Royal Scottish Academy

"THE CHIEF RABBI," BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

A picture by a painter famous for his sympathetic handling of Jewish subjects. Though he was educated largely abroad, Mr. Solomon has caught the Academy "manner"

No. 22 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Fairy Poodle

By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "The Worldlings," "When Love Flies Out of the Window," etc.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THEY were called "The two children" because they were so unpractical; even in Bohemia, where practicality is the last virtue to flourish, their improvidence was surprising; but really they were not children at all — they had been married for three years, though to watch their billing and cooing, you would have supposed them to be bride and bridegroom.

Julien and Juliette had fallen in love and run to the Mairie as joyously as if Chateaubriands were to be gathered from the boughs in the Jardin Des Buttes-Chaumont; and since then their home had been the studio under the slates, where they were often penniless. Indeed, if it had not been for the intermittent mercies of Madame Cochard, the concierge, they would have starved under the slates. However, they were sure that the pictures which Julien painted would some day make him celebrated, and that the fairy-tales which Juliette weaved would some day be as famous as Hans Andersen's. So they laughed, and painted, and scribbled, and spent their money on sweetmeats, instead of saving it for bread; and when they had no dinner, they would kiss each other, and say "There is a good time coming"; and they were called "The two children," as you know.

But even the patience of Madame Cochard was taxed when Juliette brought back the poodle.

She found him—a strayed, muddy, unhappy little poodle—in the Rue de Rivoli one wet afternoon in November, and what more natural than that she should immediately bear him home, and propose to give him a bath, and adopt him? It was the most natural thing in the world, since she was Juliette, yet this Madame Cochard, who objected to a dog on her stairs as violently as if it were a tiger, was furious.

"Is it not enough," she cried, "that you are the worst tenants in the house, you two—that you are always behindhand with your rent, and that I must fill your mouths out of my own purse? Is a concierge an Angel from Heaven, do you think, that you expect her to provide also for lost dogs?"

"Dear, kind Madame Cochard," cooed Juliette, "you will learn to love the little creature as if it were your own child! See how trustfully he regards you!"

"It is a fact," added Julien; "he seems to take to her already! It is astonishing how quickly a dog recognises a good heart."

"Good heart or not," exclaimed the concierge, "it is to be understood that I do not consent to this outrage. The dog shall not remain!"

"Be discreet," urged Juliette, "I entreat you to be discreet, for your own sake; if you must have the whole truth, he is a fairy poodle!"

"What do you say?" ejaculated Madame Cochard.

"He is a fairy poodle, and if we treat him ungenerously, we shall suffer. Remember the history of the Lodgers, the Concierge, and the Pug!"

"I have never heard of such a history," returned Madame Cochard; "and I do not believe that there ever was one."

"She has never heard the history of the Lodgers, the Concierge, and the Pug!" cried Juliette. "Oh, then listen, madame! Once upon a time there were two lodgers, a young man and his wife, and they were so poor that often they depended on the tenderness of the concierge to supply them with a dinner."

"Did they also throw away their good money on bonbons and flowers?" asked Madame Cochard, trying her utmost to look severe.

"It is possible," admitted Juliette, who was perched on the table, with the dirty little animal in her lap, "for though they are our hero and heroine, I cannot pretend that they were very wise. Well, this concierge, who suffered badly from rheumatism and stairs, had sometimes a bit of a temper, so you may figure yourself what a fuss she raised when the poor lodgers brought home a friendless pug to add to their embarrassments. However——"

"There is no 'however,'" persisted Madame Cochard; "she raises a fuss, and that is all about it!"

"Pardon, dear madame," put in Julien, "you confuse the cases; we are now concerned with the veracious history of the pug, not the uncertain future of the poodle."

"Perfectly," said Juliette. "She raised a terrible fuss and declared that the pug should go, but finally she melted to it and made it welcome. And then, what do you suppose happened? Why, it turned out

Next week will be published "An International Flirtation," by LOUISE MACK

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to be an enchanted prince who rewarded them all with wealth and happiness. The young man's pictures were immediately accepted by the Salon—did I mention that he was an artist? The young woman's stories—did I tell you that she wrote stories?—became so much the fashion that her head swam with joy; and the concierge—the dear, kind concierge—was changed into a beautiful princess, and never had to walk up any stairs again as long as she lived. Thus we see that one should never forbid lodgers to adopt a dog!"

"Thus we see that they do well to call you 'a pair of children,'" replied Madame Cochard, "that is what we see! Well, well, keep the dog, since you are so much bent on it; only I warn you that if it gives me trouble, it will be sausages in no time! I advise you to wash it without delay, for a more deplorable little beast I never saw."

Julien and Juliette set to work with delight, and after he was bathed and dried, the alteration in the dog was quite astonishing. Although he did not precisely turn into a prince, he turned into a poodle of the most fashionable aspect. Obviously an aristocrat among poodles—a poodle of high estate. The metamorphosis was so striking that a new fear assailed his rescuers, the fear that it might be dishonest of them to retain him—probably some great lady was disconsolate at his loss!

Sure enough! A few days later, when Sanquereau, the sculptor, called upon them, he said:

"By the way, did I not hear that you had found a poodle, my children? Doubtless it is the poodle for which they advertise. See!" And he produced a copy of a journal in which "a handsome reward" was promised for the restoration of an animal which resembled their protégé to a tuft.

The description was too accurate for "the children" to deceive themselves, and that afternoon Juliette carried the dog to a magnificent house which was nothing less than the residence of the Comtesse de Grand Écusson.

She was left standing in a noble hall while a flunkey bore the dog away. Then another flunkey bade her follow him upstairs; and in a salon which was finer than anything that Juliette had ever met with outside the pages of a novel, the Countess was reclining on a couch with the poodle in her arms.

"I am so grateful to you for the recovery of my darling," said the great lady; "my distress has been insupportable. Ah, naughty, naughty Racine!" She made a pretence of chastising the poodle on the nose.

"I can understand it, madame," said Juliette, much embarrassed.

"Where did you find him? And has he been well fed, well taken care of? I hope he has not been sleeping in a draught?"

"Oh, indeed, madame, he has been nourished like a beloved child. Doubtless, not so delicately as with madame, but——"

"It was most kind of you," said the lady. "I count myself blessed that my little Racine fell into such good hands. Now as to the reward, what sum would you think sufficient?"

Juliette looked shy. "I thank you, madame, but we could not accept anything," she faltered.

"What?" exclaimed the Countess, raising her eyebrows in surprise, "you cannot accept anything; how is that?"

"Well," said Juliette, "it would be base to accept money for a simple act of honesty. It is true that we did not wish to part with the dog—we had grown to love him—but, as for our receiving payment for giving him up, that is impossible."

The Countess laughed merrily. "What a funny child you are! And, who are 'we'—you and your parents?"

"Oh no," said Juliette; "my parents are in Heaven, madame; but I am married."

"Your husband must be in Heaven, too," said the Countess, who was a charming woman.

"Ah," demurred Juliette, "but although I have a warm heart, I have also a healthy appetite, and he is not rich; he is an artist."

"I must go to see his pictures some day," replied the Comtesse de Grand Écusson. "Give me the address—and believe that I am extremely grateful to you!"

It need not be said that Juliette skipped home on air after this interview. The hint of such patronage opened the gates of paradise to her, and the prospect was equally dazzling to Julien. For fully a week they talked of nothing else than a visit from the Comtesse de Grand Écusson, having no suspicion that fine ladies often forgot their pretty promises as quickly as they made them.

And the week, and a fortnight, and a month passed, and at last the expectation faded; they ceased to indulge their fancies of a carriage-and-pair dashing into the street with a Lady Bountiful. And what was much more serious, Madame Cochard ceased to indulge their follies. The truth was that she had never pardoned the girl for refusing to accept the proffered reward; the delicacy that prompted the refusal was beyond her comprehension, and now that the pair were in arrears with their rent again, she put no bridle on her tongue.

"It appears to me that it would have been more honourable to accept money for a poodle than to owe money to a landlord," she grunted. "It must be perfectly understood that if the sum is not forthcoming on the first of January, you will have to get out. I have received my instructions, and I shall obey them. On the first day of January, my children, you pay, or you go! Le bon Dieu alone knows what will become of you, but that is no affair of mine. I expect you will die like the babes in the wood, for you are no more fit to make a living than a cow is fit to fly."

"Dear Madame Cochard," they answered, peacefully, "why distress yourself about us? The first of January is more than a week distant; in a week we may sell a picture, or some fairy tales—in a week many things may happen!" And I assure you that they sunned themselves on the Boulevard the same afternoon with as much serenity as if they had been millionaires.

Nevertheless, they did not sell a picture or some fairy tales in the week that followed—and the first of January dawned with relentless punctuality, as we all remember.

In the early morning, when Madame Cochard made her ascent to the attic—her arms folded inexorably, the glare of a creditor in her eye—she found that Juliette had already been out. (If you can believe me, she had been out to waste her last two francs on an absurd tie for Julien!)

"Eh bien," demanded the concierge sternly, "where is your husband? I am here, as arranged, for the rent; no doubt he has it ready on the mantelpiece for me?"

"He is not in," answered Juliette coaxingly, "and I am sorry to say we have received disappointments. The fact is there is something wrong in the construction of a story of which I had immense hopes—it needs letting out at the waist, and a tuck put in at the hem. When I have made the alterations, I am sure it will fit some journal elegantly."

(Continued on page 288)

SCENES FROM

"The Beauty of Bath"

AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

(Mr. Seymour Hicks) (Mr. Stanley Brett, Mr. Hicks's brother)

Betty (Miss Terriss): "This is dear old Dick"

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Sweet and Twenty": Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss in "The Beauty of Bath"

(Continued from page 286)

"All this passes forbearance!" exclaimed Madame Cochard. "Well, you have thoroughly understood, and all is said—you will vacate your lodging by evening! So much grace I give you; but at six o'clock you depart promptly, or you will be ejected! And do not reckon on me to send any meal up here during the day, for you will not get so much as a crust. What is it that you have been buying there?"

"It is a little gift for Julien; I rose early to choose it before he woke, and surprise him; but when I returned he was out."

"A gift?" cried the concierge. "You have no money to buy food, and you buy a gift for your husband! What for?"

"What for?" repeated Juliette wonderingly. "Why, because it is New Year's Day! And that reminds me—I wish you the compliments of the season, madame; may you enjoy many happy years!"

"Kind words pay no bills," snapped the concierge. "I have been lenient far too long—I have my own reputation to consider with the landlord. By six o'clock, bear in mind!" And then, to complete her resentment, what should happen but that Julien entered holding a bouquet!

To see Julien present Juliette with the roses, and to watch Juliette enchant Julien with the preposterous tie, was as charming a little comedy of improvidence as you would be likely to meet with in a lifetime.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Madame Cochard, purple with indignation, "it is, indeed, well that you are leaving here, monsieur—a madhouse is the fitting address for you! You have nothing to eat, and you buy roses for your wife! What for?"

"What for?" echoed Julien astonished. "Why, because it is New Year's Day! And I take the opportunity to wish you the compliments of the season, madame—may your future be as bright as Juliette's eyes!"

"By six o'clock!" reiterated the concierge, who was so exasperated that she could barely articulate. "By six o'clock you will be out of the place!" And to relieve her feelings, she slammed the door with such violence that a dozen canvases fell to the floor.

"Well; this is a nice thing," remarked Julien, when she had gone. "It looks to me, mignonne, as if we shall sleep in the Bois, with the moon for an eiderdown!"

"At least you shall have a comfy pillow, sweetheart," cried Juliette, drawing his head to her breast.

"My angel, there is none so soft in the Elysée! And as we have nothing for déjeûner in the cupboard, I propose that we breakfast now on kisses."

"Ah, Julien!" whispered the girl, as she folded him in her arms.

"Ah, Juliette!" It was as if they had been married that morning. "And yet," continued the young man, releasing her at last, "to own the truth, your kisses are not satisfying as a menu; they are the queen of hors d'œuvres—they leave one hungry for more!"

They were still making love when Sanquereau burst in to wish them a happy New Year.

"How goes it, my children?" he cried. "You look like a honeymoon, I swear! Am I in the way, or may I breakfast with you?"

"You are not in the way, mon vieux," returned Julien; "but I shall not invite you to breakfast with me, because my repast consists of Juliette's lips."

"Mon Dieu!" said Sanquereau. "So you are broke? Well, in my chequered career I have breakfasted on much worse fare than yours."

At this reply, Juliette blushed with all the bashfulness of a bride, and Julien endeavoured to assume the air of a man of the world.

"Tell me," he said; "we are in difficulties about the rent—have you by chance a louis that you could lend me?"

Sanquereau turned out his pockets, like the good fellow he was, but he could produce no more than a sou. "What a bother!" he cried; "I would lend you a louis if I had it as readily as a cigarette-paper, but you see how I am situated. On my honour, it rends my heart to have to refuse."

"You are a gallant comrade!" said Julien, much touched. "Come back and sup with us this evening, and we will open the New Year with a festivity!"

"Hein? But there will be no supper," faltered Juliette.

"That's true," said Julien; "there will be no supper—I was forgetting. Still—who knows? There is plenty of time; I shall have an idea. Perhaps, I may be able to borrow something from Tricotrin."

"I shall be enchanted," responded Sanquereau; "depend on my arrival! If I am not mistaken, I now recognise Tricotrin's voice on the stairs."

His ears had not deceived him; Tricotrin appeared with Pitou at this very moment.

"Greeting, my children!" they cried. "How do you carry yourselves? May the New Year bring you laurels and lucre!"

"To you also, dear Gustave and Nicolas," cried "the children," "may your poems and your music ignite the Seine, and may Sanquereau rise to eminence and make statues of you both!"

"In the meantime," added Sanquereau, "can either of you put your hands on a few francs? There is a fine opening for them here!"

"A difference of opinion exists between ourselves and the landlord," Julien explained; "we consider that he should wait for his rent, and he holds a different view. If you could lend us fifteen francs, we might effect a compromise."

The poet and the composer displayed the lining of their pockets as freely as the sculptor had done, but their capital proved to be a sou less than his own. Tears sprang to their eyes as they confessed their inability to be of use. "We are in despair," they groaned.

"My good, kind friends!" exclaimed Julien, "your sympathy is a noble gift in itself! Join us in a little supper this evening in celebration of the date."

"We shall be delighted," declared Tricotrin and Pitou.

"But—but—" stammered Juliette again, "where is it to come from, this supper—and where shall we be by supper-time?"

"Well, our address is on the lap of the gods," admitted Julien, "but while there is life there is hope. Possibly I may obtain a loan from Lajeunie."

Not many minutes had passed before Lajeunie also paid a visit to the attic. "Aha," cried the unsuccessful novelist, as he perceived the company, "well met! My children, my brothers, may your rewards equal your deserts in 1906—may France do honour to your genius!"

"And may Lajeunie be crowned the New Balzac," shouted the assembly; "may his abode be in the Champs Elysées, and his name in the mouth of all the world!"

But, extraordinary as it appears, Lajeunie proved to be as impecunious as the rest there; and he was so much distressed that Julien, deeply moved, said:—

"Come back to supper, Lajeunie, we will drink toasts to the Muses!" And now there were four

(Continued on page 290)

A Popular Leading Lady

Photo *Mme. Pestel*

Miss Beatrice Wilson

Leading lady with Mr. Norman V. Norman's well-known company, now touring with a romantic drama, *Count Hannibal*, by the Revs. Freeman Wills and Frederick Langbridge. Miss Wilson is a great favourite in the provinces

(Continued from page 288)

guests invited to the impracticable supper, and when "the children" were left alone they clapped their hands at the prospect.

"How merry we shall be!" Julien exclaimed; "and awhile ago we talked of passing the night in the Bois! It only shows you that one can never tell what an hour may bring forth."

"Yes, yes," assented Juliette, blithely; "and as for the supper——"

"We shall not have it till nine o'clock at the earliest."

"And now it is no more than mid-day! Why, there is an eternity for things to arrange themselves!"

"Just so! The sky may rain truffles in such an interval," said the painter. And they drew their chairs closer to the fire, and pretended to each other that they were not hungry.

The hours crept away, and the sunshine waned, and snow began to flutter over Paris. But no truffles fell. By degrees the fire burnt low, and died. To beg for more fuel was impossible, and Juliette shivered a little.

"You are cold, sweetheart," sighed Julien. "I will fetch a blanket from the bed and wrap you in it."

"No," she murmured, "wrap me in your arms—it will be better."

Darker and darker grew the garret, and faster and faster fell the snow. "I have a fancy," said Juliette, breaking a long silence, "that it is the hour in which a fairy should appear to us. Let us look to see if she is coming!"

They peered from the window, but in the twilight no fairy was to be discerned; only an "old clo'" man was visible, trudging on his round.

"I declare," cried Julien, "he is the next best thing to your fairy! I will sell my summer suit and my velvet jacket! What do I want of a velvet jacket? Coffee and eggs will be much more cheerful."

"And I," vowed Juliette, "can spare my best hat easily—indeed, it is an encumbrance! If we make Madame Cochard a small douceur, she may allow us to remain until the morning."

"What a grand idea! By this means we shall provide ourselves with a night's shelter and the means to entertain our friends as well! Hasten to collect our wardrobe, mignonette, while I crack my throat to make him hear. Hi, hi!"

At the repeated cries the "old clo'" man lifted his gaze to the fifth-floor window at last, and in a few minutes Julien and Juliette were kneeling on the boards above a pile of garments which they raised one by one for his inspection.

"Regard, monsieur," said Julien, "this elegant summer suit! It is almost as good as new; I begin to hesitate to part with it. What shall we say for this elegant summer suit?"

The dealer fingered it disdainfully. "Show me boots," he suggested; "we can do business in boots."

"Alas!" replied Julien, "the only boots that I possess are on my feet. We will again admire the suit! What do you estimate it at—ten francs?"

"Are you insane, are you a lunatic?" returned the dealer. "To a reckless man it might be worth fifty centimes. Let us talk of boots!"

"I cannot go barefoot," expostulated Julien. "Juliette, my Heart, do you happen to possess a second pair of boots?"

Juliette shook her head forlornly. "But I have a hat with daisies in it," she said. "Observe, monsieur, the delicate tints of the buds! How like to nature, how exquisite they are! They make one dream of courtship in the woods. I will take five francs for it!"

"From me I swear you will not take them!" said the "old clo'" man. "Boots," he pleaded; "for the love of God, boots!"

"Mon Dieu, what a passion for boots you have!" moaned the unhappy painter; "they obsess you, they warp your judgment! Can you think of nothing in the world but boots? Look, we come to the gem of the exhibition—a velvet jacket! A jacket like this confers an air of greatness, one could not feel the pinch of poverty in such a jacket. It is, I confess, a little white at the elbows, but such high lights are very effective. And observe the texture—soft as a woman's cheek!"

The other turned it about with indifferent hands, and "the children" began to realise that he would prove no substitute for a fairy after all. Then, while they watched him with sinking hearts, the door was suddenly opened, and the concierge tottered on the threshold.

"Monsieur, madame!" she panted, with such respect that they stared at each other.

"Eh, bien?"

"A visitor!" She leant against the wall, overwhelmed.

"Who is it?"

"Madame la Comtesse de Grand Écusson!"

Actually! The Countess had kept her word after all, and now she rustled in, before the "old clo'" man could be banished. White as a virgin canvas, Julien staggered forward to receive her, a pair of trousers, which he was too agitated to remember, dangling under his arm. "Madame, this honour," he stammered, and, making a piteous effort to disguise his beggary; "one's wardrobe accumulates so that really, in a small ménage, one has no room to——"

"I have suffered from the inconvenience myself, monsieur," said the Countess graciously. "Your charming wife was so kind as to invite me to view your work; and, see—my little Racine has come to wish his preservers a happy New Year!"

And, on the honour of an historian, he brought one! Before they left she had given a commission for his portrait at a thousand francs, and purchased two landscapes, for which a thousand francs more would be paid on the morrow. When Sanquereau, and Lajeunie, and Tricotrin, and Pitou arrived, expecting the worst, they were amazed to discover "the children" valsing round the attic to the music of their own voices.

What hurrahs rang out when the explanation was forthcoming; what loans were promised to the guests, and what a gay quadrille was danced! It was not until the last figure had concluded that Julien and Juliette recognised that, although they would be wealthy in the morning, they were still penniless that night.

"Hélas! but we have no supper after all," groaned Julien.

"Pardon, it is here, monsieur!" shouted Madame Cochard, who entered behind a kingly feast. "Comment, shall the artist honoured by Madame la Comtesse de Grand Écusson have no supper? Pot-au-feu, monsieur; leg of mutton, monsieur; little pâtés, monsieur; dessert, monsieur; and for each person a bottle of good wine!"

And the justice that was done to it, and the laughter that pealed under the slates! "The children" didn't forget that it was all due to the dog. Juliette raised her glass radiantly:

"Gentlemen!" she cried, "I ask you to drink to the Fairy Poodle!"

LEONARD MERRICK.

Montreux' Record Season

A beautiful glimpse of the Lake of Geneva, the shores of which are now crowded with English and American tourists

Photo *Edgar Shrubsole*

Trout Fishing in Ireland: On the Bunlacky River, Dunkineely

May is the very best month for brown-trout fishing in Co. Donegal, and, granted a decent fall of rain, capital sport can be had on hundreds of lakes and scores of miles of river and stream. Among the best of the streams is the one illustrated, the Bunlacky, at Dunkineely, the fishing on which is free. The trout run up to a pound, and half-pounders are frequently hooked. An average basket throughout May will be six brace of fish, weighing five or six pounds. Dunkineely is reached from Dublin, *via* Strabane, in 7 hours; from Belfast, *via* Strabane, in 6½ hours. The station is quite close to the village.

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The First of May—and After

The passing of the first of May has left the panic-stricken rather ashamed of themselves. The day opened with the streets abnormally silent. The shops which opened had no pavement display. The nervousness of the populace was curiously apparent. The excitement-loving holiday crowds, with their wives and children, gathered outside the cafés in the Place de la République, watching the cavalry patrolling. The better class of inhabitants remained indoors.

It is only in moments of real or imaginary danger that we see how many cowards there are in our good city, especially among the so-called "better classes." Was there ever a term more wrongly applied? "Grotesque classes," certainly, describes them better. A large proportion of them support *La Libre Parole*, *Le Gaulois*, *L'Echo de Paris*, hostile to the Government; and these sheets hit upon the plan of frightening their readers with what was likely to happen on the first of May. That they should have succeeded in working them up into hysterics is not surprising. The before-mentioned papers know their *clientèle*, *patriotards*, who, during the Fashoda and the Algeciras crisis, hurled insults at England and Germany, but who, at the slightest sign of trouble, run away, and from their place of safety resume their warlike cackle. They are sorry specimens of humanity, these *bourgeois*. It was amusing to watch the precautions taken by those compelled to remain in the capital. At one of our leading grocers, I saw a long string of automobiles, the owners of which were nervously rushing about the shop, buying quantities of tea, coffee, sugar, flour, and tinned provisions of every kind. One lady purchaser hesitating about taking a huge ham, the price of which seemed excessive, her male companion exclaimed in a sepulchral voice: "Emma, this is no moment for bargaining!" and promptly seized the article lest someone else should pounce upon it.

* * *

"Le Clown" Attracts a Fashionable Audience

A libretto by an ex-tenor, set to music by a millionaire banker, is not an every-day affair; and M. Victor Capoul and Count Isaac de Camondo, the two collaborators, can boast that at the Nouveau Théâtre, where their work *Le Clown* was produced, they had an audience such as is rarely seen even on a gala evening at the Opera. A few years ago, at a fashionable matinée, whilst a distinguished-looking gentleman was performing one of Chopin's Nocturnes,

Paris in a Panic: Motor-car owners laying in a stock of provisions against the expected Labour Day riots
Long strings of automobiles were noticed on the day before May Day outside large shops bearing frightened *bourgeois*, in a panic lest a revolution should find them unprepared

somebody behind me said: "I never heard a rich man play so beautifully!" and this remark recurred to me whilst I listened to Count Camondo's music. Criticism was out of the question; nobody, I am sure, attempted it. Bank-notes took precedence over ordinary notes; and the crotchets and quavers were not in the running. There remains the libretto. M. Victor Capoul was once a famous tenor, and literary efforts are not in his line. Nevertheless, we could have expected something better from this gentleman, whose artistic temperament should have prevented him from making his personages talk nonsense. The scene is laid in a circus in the Neuilly fair. Maxim, a clown, is in love with Zéphérine, an equestrian, whose ambition is to become a famous *demi-mondaine*. Unfortunately, Zéphérine has lost her heart to Auguste, a worthless creature, who, jealous of Maxim, cuts one of the ropes of the apparatus on which Maxim performs, and the poor acrobat is killed. *Voilà tout!* But what a cast! The best money could secure. Mlle. Farrar, Mlle. Margyl, M. Rousselière, M. Renaud, and M. Delmas—yes, the great Delmas, from the Opera, curious to behold, in the rôle of a seedy circus proprietor. As to the musicians, they were members of the Opera orchestra. Count de Camondo certainly did things royally, and we are indebted to him for a soirée, where we saw rows of charming women in delightful toilettes.

* * *

The Traffic in Titles

A curious book, well worth reading, written by M. Jean de Bonnefon, is "La Ménagerie du Vatican." Most of us know that titles, big and small, can be purchased in Rome, and that this traffic constitutes a nice little income to the gentlemen at the Vatican. Every commoner, if he pays the fixed tariff, can be ennobled at a moment's notice; and as the quantities of dukes, counts, barons, etc., increase to an alarming extent, M. de Bonnefon wrote his book in the hope of putting a momentary stop to this avalanche of titles. When I say he wrote the book, I am wrong. He threw it, like one throws a bomb; and, like a bomb, it burst over the heads of many ladies and gentlemen who tremble to find their names on the list published by the sarcastic author. It is a queer and instructive list of all the celluloid nobility created in Rome—of people we constantly meet in some of the Paris *salons*, especially in the American Colony, where a high-sounding title is the best introduction. Then there are some delightful anecdotes, some of them intensely funny, which would have proved splendid material for Thackeray when he wrote his "Book of Snobs." M. de Bonnefon tells us of an enormously wealthy gentleman, son of a small tradesman, who, having purchased the title of Count, secured an old castle in the Ardennes and had it restored. "When I entered the gates," he told his friends, "my heart beat with emotion. I remembered that nine hundred years ago my ancestors had lived there!" Typical, too, is the story of a lady, a well-known Society woman, who, for a few francs, had bought an old portrait of one of the Archbishops of Evreux, whose name happened to be the same as hers. A few years later the lady's husband blossomed into a Baron, whereupon the portrait was transferred from her bedroom to the drawing-room, and the Archbishop at once was raised to the rank of uncle. The author

Preparing for Trouble on May 1: Two regiments garrisoned in the "Galerie des Machines," near the Eiffel Tower

These two regiments are the 2nd Cuirassiers and the 1st Chasseurs. The total military strength brought to Paris in anticipation of street rioting was 50,000 troops

does not mince matters, and as he publishes all the names in full, the book has roused much anger.

* * *

"Penseur" before the Pantheon

Rodin's "Penseur" has been placed in the open space before the Pantheon, where it is admired by some, condemned by others. At the inauguration of the statue, M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, of the Fine Arts Ministry, made the usual speech, and other orators followed. And then a curious incident occurred. Whilst praising the work done by Rodin during his long and brilliant career, one of his panegyrists referred to him as the "father of impressionism in sculpture," when a shrill voice called out, "And Rosso?" There being no response, the cry was repeated, shriller than before; and several of the spectators looked at one another, hardly able to repress a smile. Had anyone taken the trouble of interviewing Rodin, he, no doubt, would have said that when some twenty years ago he met Rosso, the man of genius, he was so inspired by the Italian impressionist sculptor's teachings, that he at once abandoned his former method to follow Rosso's footsteps. Unfortunately, nobody questioned Rodin, and that artist did not deem it necessary to volunteer statements.

"Penseur." By M. Auguste Rodin

Scene of the recent inauguration of the statue in the open space before the Pantheon

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Joy in the Feminist Camp

There is joy in the feminist camp. Mme. de la Mazure has joined their ranks; and it is the first time that a lady of title has bestowed this honour upon the shrieking sisterhood. Mme. de la Mazure hails from the South; she has a fiery temperament, and promises to spend her not inconsiderable fortune for the good of the feminist cause. We can accept this statement, but when the lady prophesies that her example will be followed by other members of the French aristocracy, we disagree with her. Society women here keep aloof from the movement, and intelligent Frenchwomen in the world of art and literature are convinced that evolution, not revolution, will secure them the rights they can lawfully claim. Mme. de la Mazure, however, thinks differently. She advocates another kind of propaganda, and made her first appearance before a Boulevard public, perched on a ladder with a pastepot and a brush, affixing flaming posters which said: "We want universal suffrage, not unisexual suffrage!" The task of ornamenting Paris with these posters had first been entrusted to the professional bill-stickers. But, be it that these gentlemen had their hands full with work for the coming election, or that they were too slow, the fact remains that Mme. de la Mazure lost patience; and, placing herself at the head of a band of enthusiastic followers, started with her fair aristocratic fingers the placarding, and the other ladies joined in the work. The novelty of the thing drew a large crowd, who began by applauding the ladies for displaying so much energy. But a Paris audience—especially a street one—is inclined to look at the funny side of things, and soon it began to rain jokes. Mme. de la Mazure, however, was equal to the occasion, and whilst plying her brush, delighted the crowd with her repartee. The arrival of two policemen put an end to the fun. The ladies were taken before Monsieur le Commissaire for causing an obstruction, but were allowed to proceed with their work on their promise not to indulge in speeches.

* * *

A Vegetarian League

A league has just been formed here by some prominent vegetarians, anxious to convince those who do not share their views that the vegetarian cuisine is almost as varied as that which includes meat, fish, or game. And, to prove this, they have published a cookery book, with close upon nine hundred recipes. Prince Troubetskoy, the well-known sculptor, is the high priest of this league, and numberless are those he brings round to his way of thinking. Charles Castellani, the panorama artist, who was with Marchand in Fashoda, is also a splendid propagandist, and has converted several ladies, among whom Mme. Roll, wife of the famous painter, Mme. Sigriste, Mme. Judet, and others. The league also comprises the names of Mme. Sosnomska, the charming lady-doctor; Dr. de Martel, the son of "Gyp"; Dr. Devillers; Maurice Bouchor; Dampt, the sculptor; Mlle. Brunswick; Colonel Baratier, etc. Leonardo de Vinci, Newton, Michael Angelo, and Wagner, were, we are told, all vegetarians. Tolstoi and Elisée Reclus also turned away from animal food; and we are asked to follow the example of these men, of whom it cannot be said that this change of diet in any way affected their intellect. It is even hinted that the ladies who cease to be carnivorous retain their beauty much longer. There are, however, no statistics to show this.

Francesco Meyzer

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"The Anglo-Saxon." By G. E. Boxall. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"Makers of Japan." By J. Morris. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
"On the Spanish Main." By Joseph Masefield. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)

Fiction

"The Same Clay." By James Blyth. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)
"The Arena." By Harold Spender. (Constable: 6s.)
"Tracks in the Snow." By G. R. Benson. (Longmans: 6s.)
"Blazed Trail Stories." By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder: 6s.)

Concerning Book Titles

Shakespeare, according to Mr. Shaw, titled his plays clumsily. *As You Like It*, *All's Well*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Measure for Measure* were, I believe, christened with a shrug of the bardic shoulders, on the supposition that any old title was good enough for a mere comedy. The modern novelist, contrariwise, is very careful over his title. You get grandiloquent phrases, "Giant Circumstance," "First it was Ordained!" which suggest ponderous texts; paradoxical titles like "A Married Bachelor," blasts of candid incongruity like "The Sphinx's Lawyer," alliterative examples (by the score) such as "The Sinnings of Seraphine," "A Romance in Radium," "The Crimson Corridor," "Love and Lordship," "The Purloined Prince," etc.—each one indicating that, unlike Shakespeare, the author *has* troubled to make his title effective. But I regret to record, in the result, that rarely has the book itself shown a corresponding ingenuity. Truth to tell, the excellence of the text seems to vary inversely with its title, and the best books that have come my way lately have had uninspired, and often meaningless, titles. The ideal title, of course, does exist, but, it seems to me, only in conjunction with the ideal novel. The good title must convey an impression of the author's meaning—his moral—in penning the story, and to have it, it is necessary that there should be a meaning and a moral, and—how often does one encounter such a phenomenon? However, this week, *Eureka!*

A Man of Letters

A Good Title and a Good Story

In *The Same Clay* (E. Grant Richards: 6s.), Mr. James Blyth achieves the ideal. His title is his text, and right well he preaches to it. It is a story that essays to prove that in the brute facts of life and its passions, the yokel in the village, and the "grand folk" up at hall, march side by side, and are of "the same clay." The squire's wife carries on a *liaison* with an artist from town; so, simultaneously, does the married landlord of the local inn with the wife of the teamman at a farm. One day, the couples encounter each other, exchanging the same illicit caresses in the same wood, inspired by the same Spring sunshine, and the yokel, in his dialect, claims equality with his "superiors." "Tha'ss all right, maaster. Blust! We're all i' the same bŏŏt," he says, sneeringly. And the shame of the woman, who all her life had looked on villagers as animals to be despised, on finding herself identified with them, of being in "the same bŏŏt," and made of "the same clay," possesses her to terminate her illicit intrigue, send the artist packing, and recall her husband from his self-chosen exile. There is one idea throughout the book; also, it enables the author to give some realistic studies of East Anglian village life and character, to reproduce the dialect of the natives, and to give an idea of their democratic, quasi-savage character, and their very garrulous philosophy, with a fidelity that I do not remember to have seen before with regard to this particular part of England.

A Political Novel

Mr. Harold Spender is fortunate in being the first fictionist to exploit politics since the upheaval of January; in *The Arena* (Constable: 6s.). The theme he develops is, also, an excellent one—that of the too, too enthusiastic politician, whose work—the cause of social reform in London slums and at St. Stephen's—so absorbs him, that he is unable to spare time for such emotional details as the care and caressing of a young and beautiful wife. The character of this hero, Lord Alfred Markham, and of his wife, are well drawn, and the story is brightly told. But Mr. Spender made one very vital error in his conception of the book in giving us not a real, but an entirely imaginary political atmosphere. His leading personalities bear no shadow of resemblance to the politicians of to-day, or yesterday, or, so far as one can make a forecast, of to-morrow. The "issues" at stake are not living issues, but imaginary ones. Mr. Spender scarcely mentions either the word "Tory" or "Liberal," and any dramatic interest that might attach to the polemics, the divisions, the lobby talk, rumours, *salon* gossip, and the like, is hopelessly lost, because of the lack of reality throughout. There

is no "C. B.," or "Balfour," or "Winston," or "Burns"—in fact, there is not a figure in the book whom one can identify. On the contrary, the author seems to have been at pains to avoid the suspicion of touching real politics. He even talks about the "National Progressive" Club, where there could have been no earthly harm in calling it the National Liberal. All this elaborate disguising of the atmosphere of *The Arena* goes to deprive the book of the great, real, living interest it might have had. Instead of fascinating us, as it should have done in Mr. Spender's talented hands, as a picture of twentieth-century political life, it merely puzzles us with a tangled web of fictitious politics; and were it not that the problem of the story has a certain force, and that the hero and his wife are of some personal interest, *The Arena* must have been laid aside as a disappointing work.

How Britons Came About

A book of undoubted interest to the thoughtful is *The Anglo-Saxon*, by George E. Boxall (Fisher Unwin: 6*s*.). This is a philosophical inquiry into the foundations and evolution of the national character, and discusses the Briton in his various aspects, and in the different parts of the world where he is to be found. The author has a special claim to attention, on the ground that he has been resident for more than forty years in Australia, and his motive in writing the book is his feeling that "public opinion in the mother country is so backward as compared with the younger English-speaking communities." He hopes that his book will enable us "to approach the study of the characteristics of our race from a more accessible point." I am sure if more Britons were to study the first causes of the national character and its greatness, a very much broader view would be taken of a hundred-and-one questions.

A Present-Day Philosopher: Mr. George E. Boxall

Who, in "The Anglo-Saxon" (Fisher Unwin), goes very deeply into the origin of the British race, and draws some interesting conclusions as to the way we should comport ourselves to preserve the national greatness

A Murder Story

Tracks in the Snow (Longmans: 6*s*.), by Godfrey R. Benson, is "The History of a Crime," edited from the MS. of the Rev. Robert Driver, D.D. That is a style of story which has not been so prevalent of late years—in which the author ranges his facts in chronological order, and just sets them forth in the style of the "eye-witnesses' description" of the newspaper. There is little sensational incident, and the "conversation" is practically nil. It might be the story of a real crime, were it not that real crimes are generally lacking in *finesse*, and so crude in detail, that they compare poorly, as works of art, with the worst examples of fiction. There has, again, been rather a falling off in the higher crime lately, so that there is plenty of room for a few good murder stories to keep the public mind alert as to this important detail of the world's work.

The Outbreak of Cheap Classics

What is the meaning of all those new editions and elaborately bound, gilt-edged, thin-papered issues of the Classics, which have of late been so generously sprung on the public? Is it that the immortals are in such high favour with the reading public that to exploit them is good business? Or is it that they are in very low water, so far as popularity goes, and that to revise and redecorate them is a measure of disinterested philanthropy? I prefer to think the former. Very energetic efforts in this direction are being made by Messrs. Sisley's, Ltd, who are sending forth, almost daily, numerous attractive little issues of standard works. I have before me now a very neat and luscious little *Don Juan*, Le Sage's *The Devil on Two Sticks* (both in green), and Hamilton's *Memoirs of Count Grammont* (in brown). These belong to the series known as "The Panel Books," whose binding and general get-up is so attractive that one's instinct is to turn up the names and addresses of obscure relations, and, birthday or no birthday, to send them copies forthwith. For, of course, these classics make such excellent reading—for other people.

The Life of Mozart

Those who like biography served up in the form of a story, and who are interested in one of the greatest of musicians, to wit, Mozart, will like *The Tone King*, the interesting life-story of "Wolfgangerl," told in narrative form, which gives all the chief facts of his life, with plenty of incident and—I suppose, more or less faithful—dialogue. It is translated from the German of Herbert Rau by Mr. J. E. St. Quintin Rae, and published by Messrs. Jarrold. For my part, I like a biography to be a little more severe, and not quite so diffuse as *The Tone King*; but, as already said, it is "translated from the German," which explains everything.

"Blazed Trail Stories"

A book entitled *Blazed Trail Stories* (Hodder: 6*s*.) would, of course, be irresistible. Tame it could not be, and tame it is not. Tales—strung together on a common cord—of lumbering, of red-hot, wild Indian life way-out West, related in a short, sharp, realistic, monosyllabic style—this is the sort of thing to make the weary London youth say to himself, in parliamentary phrase, "Enough of this foolery," and embark Westwards forthwith. Mr. Stewart Edward White, the author, knows his subject well, and his style is full of "atmosphere." Perhaps the best stories of the bunch are the first, entitled *The Riverman*, and the last *The Girl in Red*, the latter dealing with the very interesting problem of the gradual ruin of an innocent girl by the rough life "out West."

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. Alexander Stuart, Hon. Company of Edinburgh Golfers

It gives me great pleasure to have the opportunity of writing a few words about my old friend "Andy" Stuart. His is a very fine record in first-class golf, but as his laurels were won a good many years ago, and as ill-health kept him from the game for a time, the younger generation, perhaps, needs reminding that in him the Scottish amateurs have one of their very best representatives. He has captured a vast heap of medals on all the leading Scottish courses, his best achievements having been accomplished on the classic old course at St. Andrews. He has also invaded England and Ireland, and scored successes at Hoylake, Portrush, and Newcastle, Co. Down. In 1883 he lowered the record for a medal round at St. Andrews to 83, a figure that stood against all assaults for nine years. Indeed, in the 'eighties, Mr. Stuart was a very good man to back in any medal competition, for he was not only a brilliant, but a very consistent player. Brilliancy and consistency do not often go hand in hand at golf, but when they do go into partnership, the results are most satisfactory, and Mr. Stuart was a notable case in point. It was a great pleasure, three years ago at Muirfield, to see him once more taking "delight of battle with his peers" in the Amateur Championship, in which tournament fifteen years before, at Prestwick, he had reached the semi-final round. He competed again last year, but was defeated in the first round, after a ding-dong battle, at the twentieth hole by that wonderful veteran, Mr. E. D. Prothero, who, as all golfers know, takes a lot of dealing with on his favourite Prestwick course. I trust that Mr. Stuart will be seen again in the lists this year at Hoylake, and that we may once again have the pleasure of seeing him put up the famous eye-glass to watch the progress of his ball to the hole. Mr. Hutchings' great example is there to spur veterans on, and I earnestly hope that Mr. Stuart will rally to the old regiment and do his share of fighting in the great contest which is now so near at hand.

Photo *Davis*

Mr. Alexander Stuart

One of the best amateur representatives of the game in Scotland

The Coming Amateur Championship

Mention of the Amateur Championship reminds me that we shall soon be hurrying Mersey-wards to that splendid arena of Hoylake, on which the tournament takes place this year. My efforts as a prophet in this event have been such dismal failures that I am not much tempted to venture my hand again. Last year, when I plumped for Mr. Graham, I really thought I was going to get home, but, unfortunately, Mr. Barry upset my horse just as he appeared fairly safe. In this connection I think I must tell a little story, although it is one very much against myself. Sitting in the club-house at St. Andrews a few days after the conclusion of the tournament, I overheard one member volubly denouncing the folly "of those writers on the game" who endeavoured to prophesy the result, more especially "a chap in THE BYSTANDER, who goes for everyone's chances, but never mentions Barry's name." As the "chap in THE BYSTANDER" had signed his name at the end of the article in the same way as usual, he came to the conclusion that his critic's denunciations ought to be a guide to him in two ways: firstly, in the matter of caution in and avoidance of prophecy at golf; and secondly, in the matter of modesty, for he had hitherto hugged himself in the fond belief that those who read the golf articles in this paper had the patience and interest to read them to the end, and satisfy themselves as to the identity of the writer by a perusal of his signature.

However, in spite of these rebuffs and failures, I will again pin my faith to Mr. Jack Graham. Hoylake is his native course—he knows every blade of grass and grain of sand on it. He is undoubtedly the best amateur player living, *omnium consensu*, and if he can only enter the contest a little above himself in a physical sense, and keep a reserve up his sleeve for emergencies in the later stages, I really do not see who is to beat him. I shall pin my faith to him and will stand or fall by him. But this will not preclude the possibility of my having to don a white sheet again, for, as I have said before, golf prophecy is a poor trade.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Canoe-Sailing at Teddington

MR. COOPER'S "SLANEY"

Which defeated Mr. Scott's *Daphne* at the Royal Canoe Club's meeting at Teddington last Saturday

Polo at Home and Abroad

Edited by L. V. L. SIMMONDS

The Indian Inter-Regimental

The 15th Hussars have at last experienced a check in their victorious career, having been defeated by the 9th Lancers in the recent Inter-Regimental tournament in India, after no fewer than four wins in succession, a feat never before accomplished by any other corps in India, and only by one regiment, the 7th Hussars, in the English competition. It must be borne in mind, however, that the holders of the Cup were not at full strength, for Captain Courage, who, together with Captain Barrett, had helped the regiment in their four victories, was not playing, being replaced by Mr. Charrington; the team was completed by Captains the Hon. J. Y. D. Bingham, F. W. Barrett, and N. Livingstone-Learmouth. The 9th Lancers, who gained a decisive victory by eight goals to two, were represented by Captain Sadleir Jackson (at back), and Messrs. Edwards, Wood, and F. O. Grenfell. The last-named used to be in the 60th Rifles, and his brothers, Messrs. Cecil and R. Grenfell, are well known at Roehampton, and helped to win both the Junior Championship and the Roehampton Cup Tournament last season. A fourth brother, Mr. Arthur Grenfell, has also recently taken to polo. Last year, while on a visit to India, Mr. R. Grenfell won the Kadir Cup, the pig-sticking championship.

A-d Other Indian Competitions

Major John Vaughan, the well-known 7th Hussars' player, now second in command of the 10th Hussars, whose team he captained in the recent tournament, had a nasty fall, and sustained concussion, in this year's contest for the Kadir Cup—which was won by Mr. Ritchie, of the 15th Hussars. Captain Godfrey Heseltine, late of the Old Cantabs, who has joined the Carabineers in India, also took part in both the Kadir Cup and Inter-Regimental. By the way, the 9th Lancers have the record now of half a dozen victories in the latter competition, which was instituted in 1877, a year before the tournament of the same name was started in England. The Subalterns' Tournament, which is for a challenge cup presented in 1904 by Mr. C. H. Potter, then of the 10th Hussars, was also won this year by the 9th Lancers, the 12th Lancers being the runners-up; while the 1st Durham Light Infantry won the Infantry Tournament. The 2nd Battalion of the Durhams had a famous polo career in India in the 'nineties, under the captaincy of Lieut.-Colonel H. de B. De Lisle, winning the Inter-Regimental three years in succession and recording a sequence of four victories in the Infantry Tournament. Colonel De Lisle now commands the Royals, and captained their team this year.

English Spring Tournaments

The Challenge Cup which Mr. F. J. Mackey presented to the Warwickshire Polo Club a few years ago for an annual Spring Tournament never attracts a large entry, and last month's contest was no exception to the rule. But two teams challenged last year's winners, a Moreton Morrell team, consisting of Mr. C. T. Garland, from whose private polo ground in Warwickshire the side took its name, and Messrs. H. Rich, W. S. Buckmaster, and A. M. Tree, and owing to Mr. Rich's inability to play, the holders were compelled to resign the trophy, the holdership of which reverted to the Harbury Manor team of Messrs. H. G. Lakin, W. Balding, P. W. Nickalls, and M. L. Lakin, of the 11th Hussars, who had previously beaten the Beavers—Messrs. F. Barbour, M. Nickalls, A. D. Flower, and H. Scott-Robson. Mr. Scott-Robson is a well-known player from the Argentine, who was in the strong Ranelagh team of two seasons ago. He is able to hit equally well with either hand, and, curiously enough, his brother, Mr. E. C. Robson, who has also been playing at Leamington lately, has the same happy knack. In India left-handed players are barred by the rules. Mr. Frank Wise, who used to play in Major Maclaren's famous 13th Hussars' team, was probably the best-known left-handed player of recent years. The Cirencester Club have also started a Spring Tournament which is being inaugurated this week.

No More Pigeon Shooting: The ground at Hurlingham, which is now to be otherwise used

The ground at Hurlingham which was used for pigeon shooting is now laid out as lawns for croquet and bowls. The abolition of pigeon shooting was decided upon by an overwhelming majority at last year's annual general meeting, and was subsequently unsuccessfully contested in the Law Courts

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A Woman's Note Book

Woman and Her Grievances

There is this difference between man and woman—and it is a vital one so far as our interests are concerned—man is generally the friend and helper of men; women only too frequently the enemy and destroyer of women. I do not mean that she is *consciously* so. I am not now speaking of those petty rivalries, engendering spite, gossip, and rending of our neighbours' characters, which are labelled attributes of womankind, simply because they are found in the worst specimens. We are always judged by our worst because they are the most noisy. The faults, follies, and mental aberrations of woman are shrill; she has not the grace to be ashamed of their existence—indeed, often glories in them as virtues. Man's failings, on the contrary, are far more silent. He is at his best in public, he can *say* better than women can, but I do not think it follows that he can *do* with any more devotion. However excellent in character and action, woman is apt to carry her faults into the market-place. She may have scores of virtues of which we know nothing; but should she have an enemy, a grievance, a theory, or an enthusiasm, she generally manages so to emphasise and "do it to death" that our only wish is to be rid of her extravagances, while we are certainly too weary to search for her points of excellence.

Woman Silent—About Her Virtues

Woman can be silent. She is silent about her virtues and her real interests, and in this, too, she wrongs her sisters. Again, as noisiness is a fault—a feminine one I admit—there is least of it to be found in the best women. The most thoughtful are quietest about their undertakings, whether public or private. And yet, unfortunately, it is the noisy ones who elect to represent us. The regrettable incident which took place in the House of Commons lately is a blow to all who seriously hoped to be granted the privilege of helping to govern their country. "They have put women back ten years," was the cry, echoed by every thoughtful woman.

Enthusiasm Run Mad

Here, again, however, the worst view was put upon the behaviour of these excitable ladies. Misplaced and ill-controlled enthusiasm is a vice, but one of those vices which pre-supposes a virtue; just as curiosity is interest deformed, so excitability is enthusiasm gone mad. Probably it would be easy to discover hundreds, nay thousands, of men who have a vote, among the lower classes, who know nothing about politics, and have not the slightest intention of giving themselves the trouble of finding out, only it would never be possible to persuade such indifferent persons to come forth and state their views publicly. The wildest woman's suffrage advocate is at least *interested*. But it is poor defence of foolish conduct to say there are other people whose behaviour is more reprehensible, or to argue that because some have a thing they use badly, it would be well to give it to others who might only do a little better. I merely contend that enthusiasm is in itself a good ground on which to sow better things; there is no excuse for its perversion, and this is a lesson which it behoves other women to impress firmly upon those who are inclined to lose their heads in public. But when all is said and done, when all our faults and our natural tendency to love hearing our own voices have been considered, it remains true that the women of England are a sensible, conscientious, order-loving race, and that they were no more *represented* by that handful who did their best to make a laughing-stock of their sisters than a few idlers are representative of our working population.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU: IN ASPARAGUS TIME

This vegetable, which is a most wholesome and favourite one, and comes to the market early, must be given the first rank as the *légume par excellence*. It is extremely easy of digestion, and, therefore, suited to the taste of aged persons and others of weak digestion. There are several ways of cooking and serving asparagus, the general way being to have it plainly boiled and served on toast. This, with oiled butter, a good white sauce, or sauce Hollandaise, is a most acceptable dish; but, in addition, I give a few recipes for cooking and dressing asparagus in different tasty ways:—

Asparagus on Toast

Scrape, wash, and cut the asparagus, nearly as possible the same length, turn the points together and tie up in bundles. Have a stewpan of boiling water, salted, lay in the asparagus; boil briskly from twenty minutes to half an hour. When done, take up and drain, then place on slices of buttered or plain toasted bread and serve.

Asparagus and Lobster Salad

Scrape, wash, and cut in inch pieces half a bundle of asparagus, throwing away the hard part. Boil in salt and water until tender, strain off the water, and put away to get cold. Arrange in a salad bowl with equal parts of boiled lobster, cut in dice, season with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar mayonnaise. Dish in the form of a pyramid on a bed of lettuce leaves. Garnish the top with a piece of lobster coral and small salad.

Stewed Asparagus, with Poached Eggs

Blanch in salt water one small bundle of asparagus, cut in two-inch lengths. Drain and sauté them in butter, and stew with a little Béchamel sauce. Dish up, surround with neatly trimmed poached eggs placed on pieces of toast the same size. Sprinkle over a little meat glaze or gravy and serve.

Asparagus au Gratin

Take about fifty heads of cooked, cold asparagus and arrange them in layers on a buttered fireproof dish. Put a tablespoonful of Béchamel sauce and a little grated cheese between each layer. Cover the top layer completely with white sauce, which must be well seasoned. Sprinkle over a mixture of grated cheese and breadcrumbs, also a few pieces of fresh butter. Put the dish in a hot oven for about a quarter of an hour, that is, long enough to nicely brown the surface. Serve hot as a savoury vegetable after the roast.

Béchamel Sauce

Make a white roux with 2 oz. of fresh butter and 1½ oz. of flour, then pour on to this gradually one-third of a pint of white stock, being careful to have no lumps. Have ready one-third of a pint of milk, previously boiled with a bouquet of herbs and an onion, add this in the same way; boil all together for twelve minutes, or a little longer, to reduce it a fourth part, when it will be thick enough to drop slowly from the spoon; stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream, and, if liked, just as the pan is lifted off the fire, stir in a little butter. A squeeze of lemon-juice can also be added, and pepper and salt. The cream is, of course, an improvement, but is not really necessary.

EMILIA.

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Royal Trousseau

There was one dread moment immediately following the final settlement of this much-debated Royal alliance, when a rumour got about that Princess Ena was disposed to place the bulk of her trousseau order abroad. Many names were mentioned as possible recipients of the Royal favour, but the secret was well kept that to Mme. Lambert, 5, Hanover Square, had been entrusted the major portion of the lingerie, together with a number of particularly fascinating frocks. Referring to the lingerie, there is but one word to be said, "Perfection," its component parts a filmy linen lawn, fine lace, and exquisite hand stitchery. The chief lace requisitioned is Valenciennes, though one set displays some attractive inset diamond *motifs* of Spanish lace, while another is enhanced by insertions of embroidered lawn, and on one and all is worked, as by fairy fingers, the bride's initial surmounted by a crown.

A Princesse Predilection

A notable feature with many of the petticoats is a Princesse cut, a style effected, moreover, to a very marked extent with the gowns, obviously in response to Princess Ena's gracefully rounded figure, which displays, at their best, the long lines of the Princesse Things Empire are conspicuous by their absence, if we except certain modified negligées and teagowns. Some little morning frocks, the epitome of girlish simplicity, of fancy spot and sprig muslin, are arranged Princesse, the fulness about the waist gauged to simulate a corselet, and the upper, or *blousée* portion, softened by tasteful disposals of fine lace.

Somewhat on these lines is the simple demi-toilette illustrated, a model of Liberty satin, ornamented with lace and a plethora of infinitesimal *plissé* frills of a sort of gauze ribbon. This design, in company with several others, is duplicated in various colours. A practical yachting costume of coarse crash linen is variously presented, with different coloured washing *galons* on the blouse. While in direct contrast to such modest every-day requirements, there comes a regal afternoon reception toilette of white *crêpe de chine*, ornamented from the hem to within a short distance of the waist with alternate diamond *motifs* of lace and chiffon, hand embroidered with a rosebud spray, the slightly loose bolero corsage of this stitchery falling short over a high belt of *framboise* taffeta *mousseline*.

Another frankly adorable *framboise* confection is of French foulard, pin-spotted with white, trimmed ribbon velvet, the same shade, and narrow lines of fine white lace. A delicious little frock is fashioned of a new Pompadour *mousseline de soie*, the corselet skirt deftly disposed in draperies caught to the figure by *appliqué motifs* of embroidery. And, in conclusion, be it said how everything pertaining to the blouse *galère* at Madame Lambert's carries a particular *cachet*. Here is an instance: a slip of pale blue *crêpe de chine*, the upper part finely tucked in graduated lines, each tuck defined by a tiny edging of blonde lace. Several neat shirts also caught the eye, in spotted washing silk, a silk cravat threaded through tiny crossed strappings of the silk. I wonder how it appears to others? To me, it strikes a sympathetic note to dwell on the lesser extravagances of a Royal trousseau.

Le Grande Maison de Blanc

Taking a stroll down New Bond Street, the properly vigilant feminine eye seldom fails of a pause at 62, where there is displayed an always irresistible array of lingerie lovelinesses, in the shape of embroidered muslin cushions, toilet sachets, and curtains, snowy filmy seductions of a very particular *cachet*. No establishment, however, of knowledgable quality, much less a Parisian offshoot, does more than offer a hint in the window show of the treasures within. And thus it is with La Grande Maison de Blanc, a branch of a famed parent house in Paris, whence all such dainty matters flow.

Dazzled by the superlative elegance, it has been erroneously surmised by the uninitiated that the prices here must be equally superlative, whereas quite the contrary is the case, and that is speaking actually as well as relatively. The range of choice in curtains is a peculiarly long one, commencing with fine hand-embroidered net, in Louis Quinze, Seize, and Empire designs, to modest little *brise-bises* of cotton lawn, hand embroidered and tastefully inlet with a suitable lace. There is, too, every imaginable shape, style, and size of curtain and blind, one or two different varieties going to the completion of a set in many instances. But one puts the thing in a

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AND HANDSOME MEN

Are often alarmed to find that the approach of middle age is signalled by a disconcerting increase of "embonpoint," and that the most drastic restrictions in the way of dietary are powerless to keep down the growing excess of fat. They need not be distressed about this if they will only go the right way to work. By going through a short course of the pleasant, easy, and harmless Antipon treatment, now known the wide world over as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of corpulence, they can not only get rid of the superfluous fat which threatens to mar their good looks and figures, they can also *destroy the tendency to fatness*, so that, once the course of treatment completed, they need have no further cause for alarm. Moreover, the Antipon treatment is the reverse of the old-time starvation methods of bringing down weight, which not only undermined health and strength, but poisoned the system with drugs, mostly of mineral origin. Antipon, whilst rapidly doing its welcome fat-destroying work, requires that strength should be increased and the general tone maintained by plenty of wholesome food, and for this reason discountenances any foolish dietary restrictions. Hence the unique success of the Antipon treatment in even the most pronounced cases of obesity. The whole organism is revitalised, nerve force is increased, muscular development is assured, physical and mental energy promoted. The splendid tonic action of Antipon upon the digestive system makes the man or woman eat with a keen appetite, and the ample amount of sound food is bound to be properly digested and assimilated; new rich blood is formed; the skin is purified; the complexion becomes roseate with health. The re-beautifying effect of Antipon is as wonderful as the rapidity with which it reduces weight to normal and the figure and limbs to shapeliness. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a decrease of 8 oz. to 3 lb., and this is followed by a steady diminution day by day until complete and lasting cure. After a course of Antipon one may retain the gracefulness of figure and the appearance of youth for years, not to speak of the restored health, strength, and good spirits. Antipon is a pleasant liquid tonic of an entirely harmless composition, nothing but pure herbal ingredients entering into it. It is neither laxative nor the opposite, nor does it cause the least functional disturbance. It is truly the most perfect of obesity cures ever discovered.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

"Ball's Pond Road, N.

"Having benefited so much from your Antipon, I feel it only right to send you this testimonial. I am pleased to say a few bottles have reduced me two stone, and that it is the only thing that has ever affected me, although I have tried several other (supposed) flesh-reducing medicines. I am just sending one of your advertisements to South Australia to a friend of mine who I know is putting on too much flesh."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes: "I have used Antipon in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

STOUT PEOPLE have no longer any reason to despair of permanently reducing their weight and size to normal. Thousands have ruined their constitution by adopting antiquated methods of reducing their bulk—methods which involved semi-starvation, mineral drugging, and other abuses. Antipon, the tonic, strengthening cure for corpulence, has for all time superseded such dangerous processes, for it helps to build up strength and renew vitality whilst rapidly effecting a lasting cure of obesity. It is a valuable tonic to the entire system. It gives the subject undergoing the Antipon treatment a keen appetite, and the extra food taken (there are no disagreeable restrictions) goes to enrich the blood and solidify the muscular fibre. From 8 oz. to 3 lb. will be taken off within 24 hours of the first dose, and a daily reduction will follow until permanent cure. No further dose is then needful because the tendency to make fat is destroyed. Antipon is a palatable liquid containing none but pure and harmless herbal ingredients, and has no disturbing effect upon the stomach or bowels. The Antipon treatment is the easiest, simplest, and pleasantest ever discovered. It is absolutely a cure when all other methods of reducing weight have failed. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by chemists, stores, etc., or, should difficulty occur, may be obtained (on remitting amount) post paid, under private package, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

nutshell by saying that all the offerings are exhaustively French, and consequently fascinating, novelties putting in an appearance simultaneously here and in Paris.

Indescribably beautiful is the personal lingerie, very discreetly displayed however, while the hosiery and handkerchiefs are unequalled in their delicate fancifulness, each one a little gem of individual inspiration. The art of taking pains is demonstrated on every hand at 62, New Bond Street, where, by the way, a small side issue of exceptional interest has to do with *en tous cas* and parasols. That these are unique, alike in tastefulness and quality, goes wholly without saying.

An evening gown for Princess Ena

SKETCHED AT MME. LAMBERT'S, HANOVER SQUARE, BY K. PLEYDEL YOUNG

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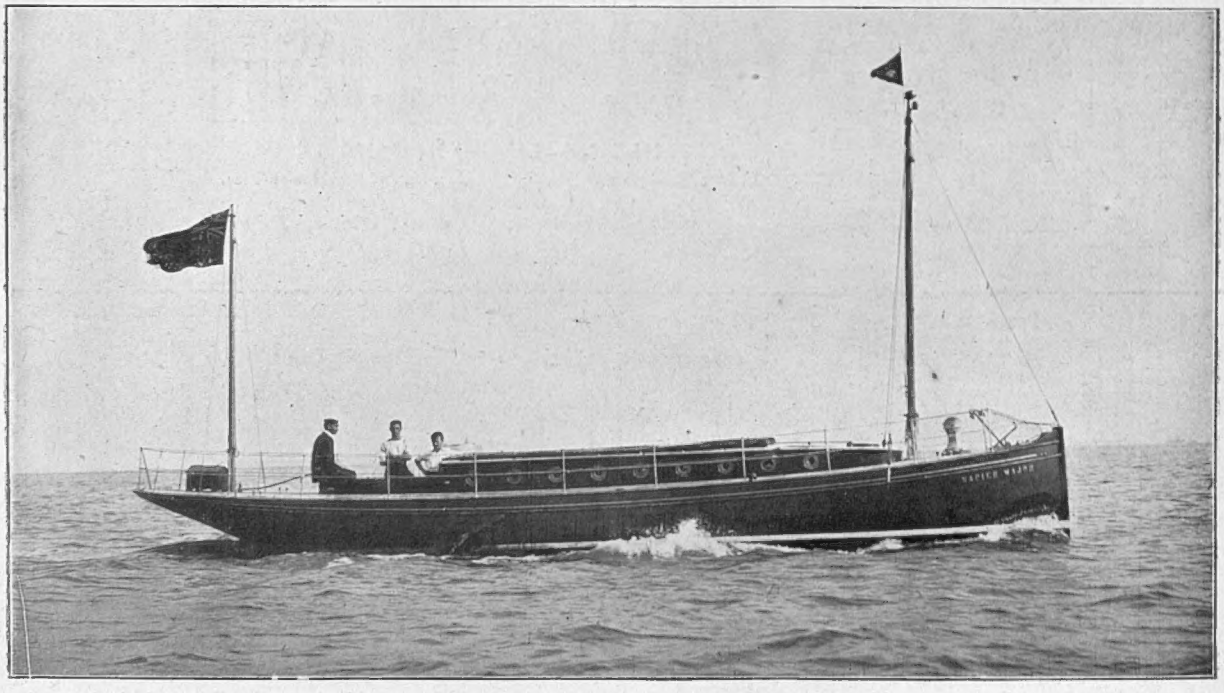
Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Round Our Island Shores

With the opening meet of the British Motor-Boat Club on May 5, the marine motor season may be said to have got well under way. The muster of motor pleasure craft at Kingston-on-Thames, under Commodore Admiral Sir William Kennedy, affords evidence of the growing popularity of what may be termed aquatic automobilism, as well as an indication of the increasing importance of the industry. Very few of our riparian and seaside yacht and boat builders, nowadays, appear to despise or belittle the merits of the motor-boat, while among builders of craft intended for the sterner work of commerce and fishing, the petrol or paraffin motor is now regarded as something more than an auxiliary aid. Not a little educational work in this direction has been done by such cruises as that accomplished by *Napier Major* last summer. This little 45 ft. yacht, engined with a 24 h.-p. motor, has proved herself a remarkably good and seaworthy craft. She ran last season from London to Lerwick in the Shetland Islands, and returned down the east coasts of Scotland and England, giving demonstrations of the practical utility of a properly designed petrol motor by the way. From Kingston, on Saturday, *Napier Major* was despatched on a trip somewhat more ambitious than any she has yet accomplished. The sailing instructions—if the term may be allowed—of her skipper, Mr. Walter E. Hearman, are to run from London to Inverness, and thence, after crossing Beauly Firth, through the Caledonian Canal, by way of the Inner Hebrides, to Belfast. From the Irish seaport a course is to be set for Douglas, Isle of Man, from which pleasant little town—well known to motorists in connection with the late Gordon-Bennett Eliminating Races and the still flourishing Tourist Trophy Competition—a run to Liverpool will follow. There, the much-travelled petrol yacht is to participate in some of the events arranged by the British Motor-Boat Club at the meeting in June, at the conclusion of which she will be steered to Dublin, and thence round the Land's End to Southampton and London, calling at Bristol *en route*. As has been indicated, this trip has an educational object, and, without doubt, many practical lessons in the use and handling of motor engines will be taught to interested inquirers at the various ports of call. Some descriptive particulars of the little craft may be of interest to readers of THE BYSTANDER, and are here appended. As will be seen from our illustration, *Napier Major* is yawl-rigged. Her principal dimensions are: length over all, 45 ft.; breadth, 8 ft. 6 in.; moulded depth, 5 ft. 6 in. Her registered tonnage is 9·6, and she is engined with a standard 24 h.-p. four-cylinder Napier motor with reversing gear, and can do about eight knots in dead water. On the trip upon which she is now engaged,



Photo] **Aquatic Automobilism: The "Napier Major"** [*West and Son*

The 45ft. nine-ton petrol motor yacht which is now making a circuit of the British Islands. Carrying a crew of four, she is provisioned for six weeks, and has petrol enough to run for 1,200 miles